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Vol. CXLVII No. 1922 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — NOV. 21 1936

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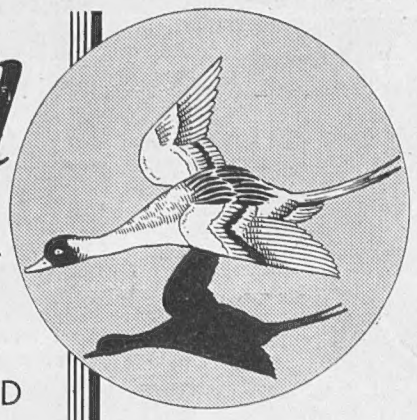

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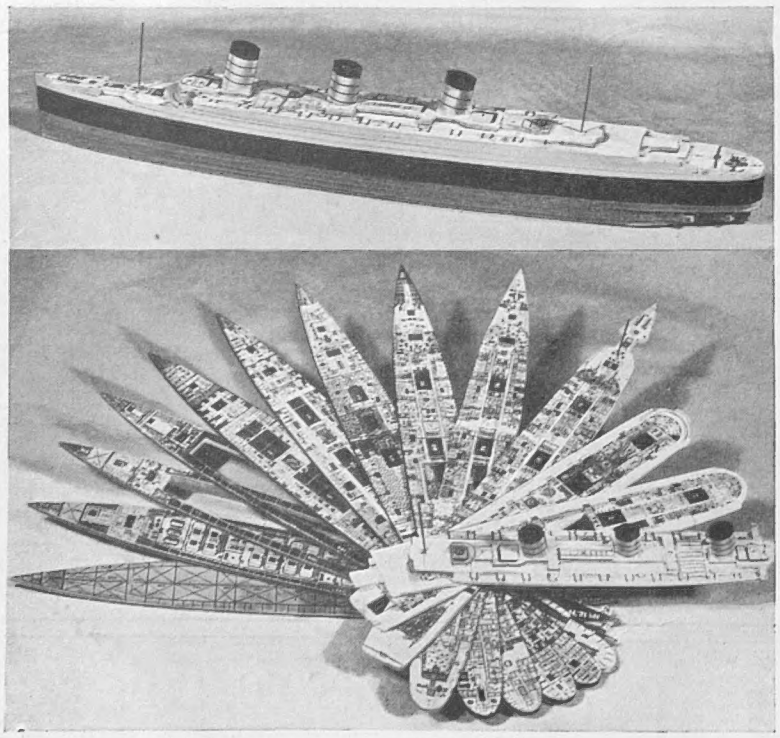

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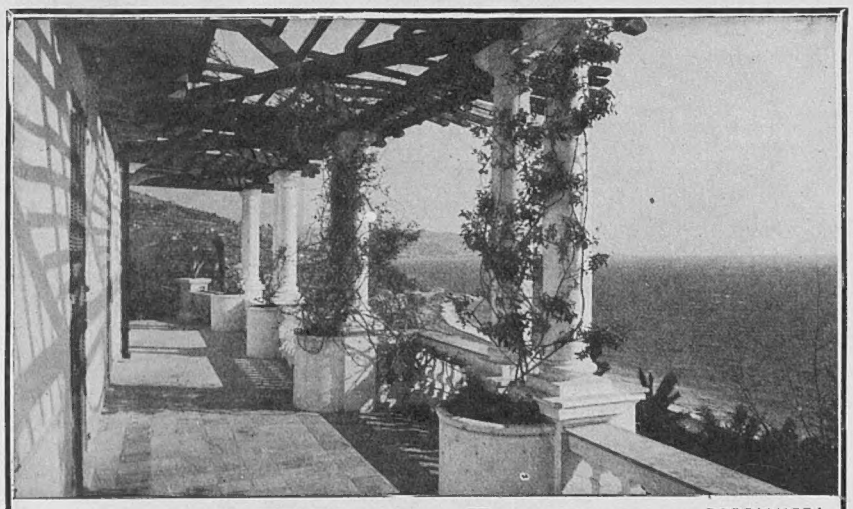

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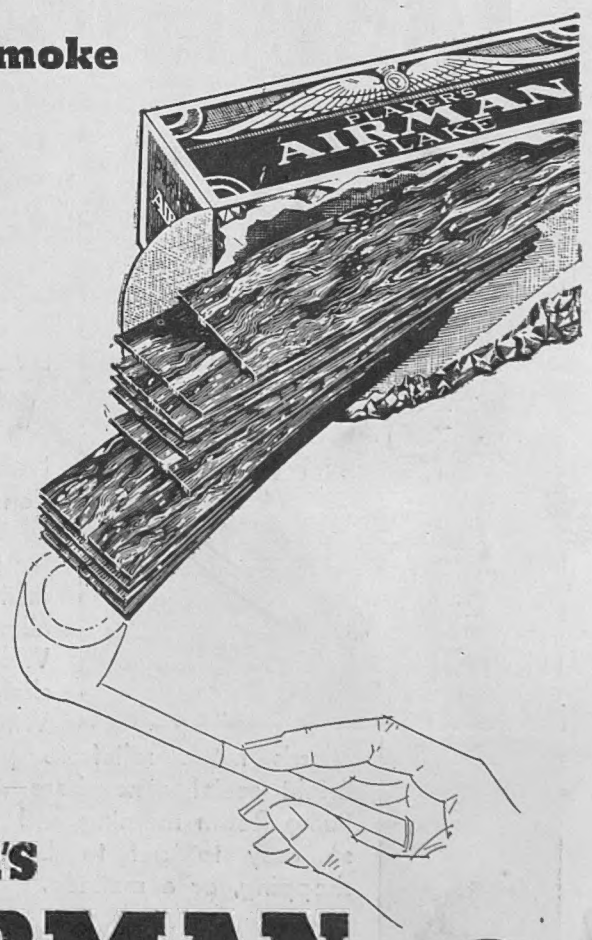

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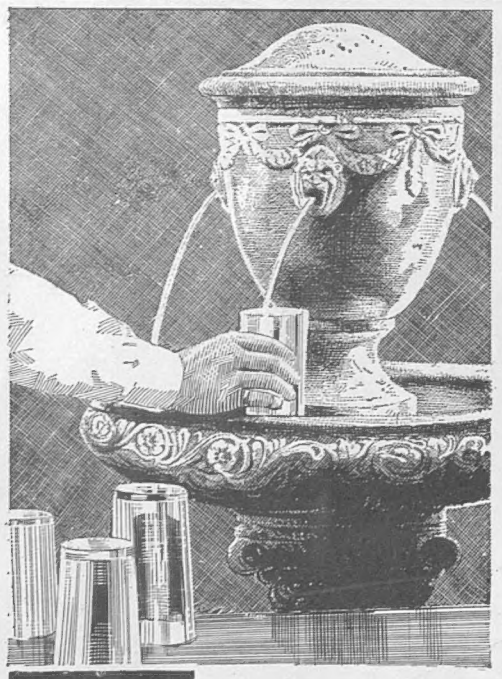

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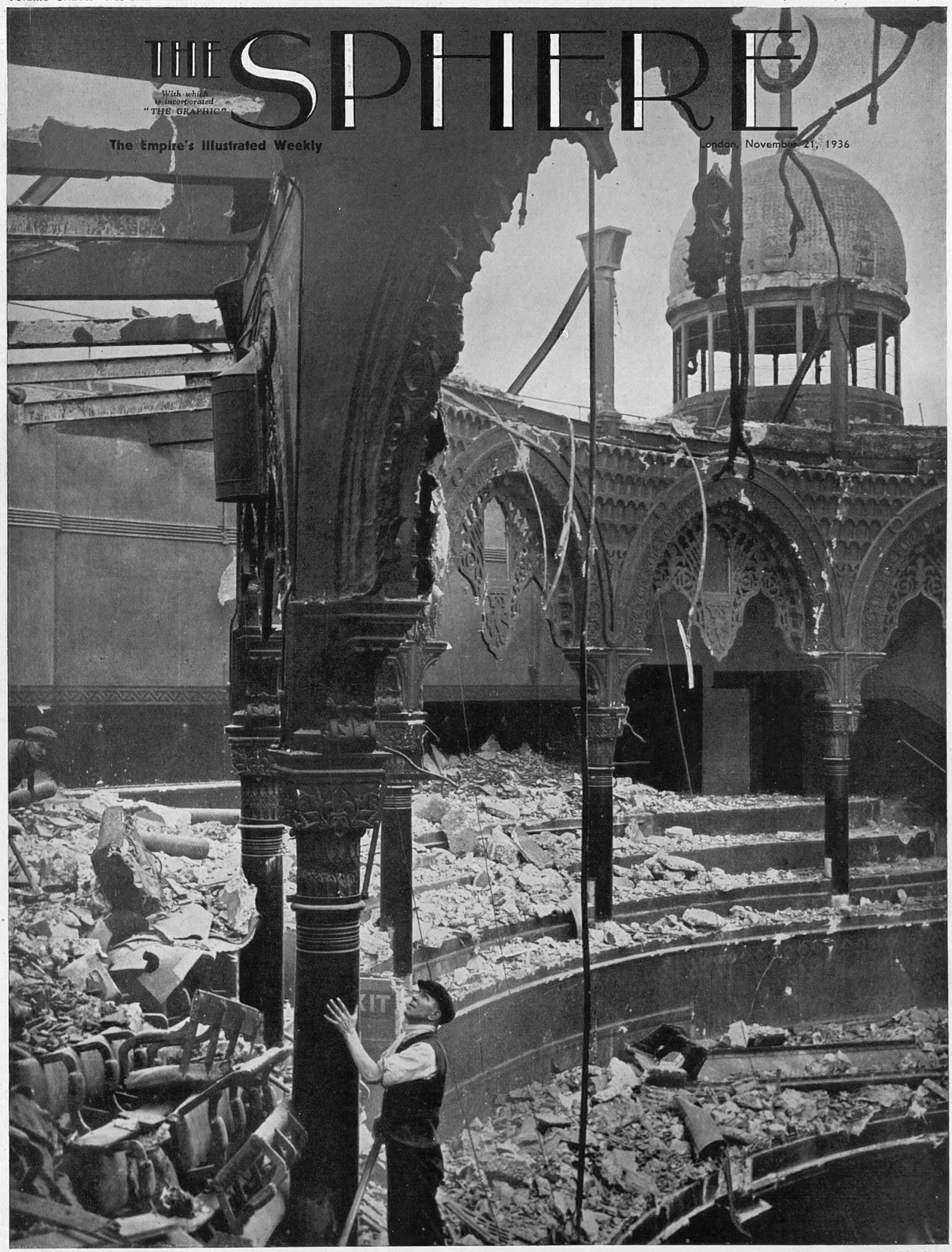

FAREWELL (OLD) LEICESTER SQUARE

The Demolition of the Alhambra—the Passing of Another Link with the London of the Music Halls

For some years the Tivoli, the Empire, and the London Pavilion have been cinemas, and now the Alhambra, with its Saracenic facade, equally famous rendezvous of the '80s, the '90s, and Edwardian times, crumbles before the pick of the housebreaker—its ultimate destiny a palace of screen entertainment. So passes another link with the old joyous London of the music halls, and a further change comes over Leicester Square—a change that many must view with a touch of real sadness. Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope, a notable figure in the theatrical world, calls to mind in an article on page 302 the Leicester Square of other days when "men wore tall hats and carried walking sticks, hansom cabs stood on the ranks, the public houses were open all day long, and there were no milk bars. It was not respectable then," he says, "but it was gay."

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BOWLING ALONG ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD: "Old Crocks" paced by a modern midget as they crossed Westminster Bridge at the start of their journey to the South Coast last Sunday. The purpose of the drive, in which ninety-three cars took part, was to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the emancipation run in 1896, when most of the leading motorists of that time drove, or attempted to drive, to Brighton to celebrate the passing of the first Motor Car Act—legislation which permitted speeds in excess of 2 m.p.h.

A London Newsletter

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, November 18, 1936.

SPECIAL AREAS: MR. STEWART'S "VALE." — There is more to cause anxiety than hope in Mr. Malcolm Stewart's final report before retirement. Certainly the keynote was not self-satisfaction. It was an effort to face hard facts without despair. In an article in the current *Quarterly*, Sir Cuthbert Headlam, who has long studied the Durham area from inside, put the problem very clearly, and many of his points of fact and policy exactly agree with Mr. Stewart's. If they differ on the question of derelict townships they concur in the prime causes which discourage the setting up of private enterprises in the areas. The "vicious circle" is working disastrously. Rates have rushed up to cope with the needs of an unemployed population, and no private industry can be expected, without promise of Government relief from income-tax and rate liabilities, to shoulder this initial and excessive "overhead" before the success of its venture can be proved. Mr. Stewart urged on the Government what every champion of the Distressed Areas is urging—to take some direct responsibility, not to throw it all upon commissioners and committees; to show a little courage and foresight, if not humanity. The "trek south" of industry is much more than a social tendency—it is a national menace. We are risking all our eggs in one basket. The huge washing-basket of Greater London, which has grown beyond control, absorbing the industries of the North, increasing the "lines of communication" for the emigrated industries, and making easy communication within the Capital impossible. And, worse still, turning the heart of Empire and Government into the first and only magnet for enemy aircraft in the event of war. The time has come for the Government to prevent the further growth of London, to force back industry to the distressed areas by rate relief and other forms of encouragement, and to earmark for the first colonial emigration drafts families specially selected from those areas.

MARCHERS AND THE PREMIER. — And — deliberately placed to follow the foregoing paragraph—comes this heading. Mr. Baldwin was never in better form, never spoke with more logic, sanity, humanity, strength, and humility than in his reply to Mr. Attlee on the question of receiving the marchers. I think no more convincing argument for the wisdom of continuing the established practice in such cases was ever put forward. The legacy which a surrender to sentiment or panic would bequeath to the next Labour Government would prove a *damnosa hereditas* indeed. It is hard for us to believe that Mr. Attlee, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Mr. Foot were uninfluenced by considerations which guide the speeches and actions of Demagogues. Let them consider M. Blum, and let them picture the plight of our truly democratic and still dignified Constitution at the mercy of mobs organised by carpet-bagging agitators. If they prate of humanity, let them consider the plight of the marchers themselves exploited by shrewd politicians. If Mr. Baldwin's stand was made in a last ditch of Toryism, give me Toryism every time, for it stands for courage, sanity, and true humanity. Mr. Baldwin is a Tory of a new school, unknown to political history. I felt ashamed of those who opposed his wise decision.

A MILITARY PAGEANT. — "Defence not defiance" was the slogan of the Lord Mayor's Show. Nevertheless, it wore a very 100 per cent. military air as it wound its way along the familiar dingy streets. I am sure there were no specially defiant notes in its martial music as the bands passed St. Martin's (Dick Sheppard's Own, for ever) nor at any points where that music could be heard from the County Hall. The Coronation Lord Mayor was not to be intimidated by pacifists and could find no place in his Show for a peace tableau. As a producer he realised that pageantry with no military flavour is like beef without mustard or *Hamlet* without the Prince. And the peace dove would have looked a little moulty to-day. So there was no compromise in the spectacle—the illustrated history of the City's response to the defence of Britain down the ages. I am afraid that from now till after the Coronation, the pacifists must grin and bear it. For even the new Public Order Bill will not prohibit much wearing of uniforms in public places. And it is not to be denied that the wearing of the King's uniform is provocative—to some.

BUCKET-SHOPS. — We have most of us in our time been plucked pigeons. I freely admit that I was caught by the three-card trick wizard on Epsom Downs the year that "Boss" Croker won the Blue Ribbon, that I was drawn in (but saved from plucking) by the "Spanish prisoner" and that I was caught and plucked by the gold-brick merchant from the Canadian middle-west. But I never fell to the Strand "wallet" trickster and I never yet have responded to a bucket-shop circular. Nor can I understand how any simpleton can fail to smell the rottenness of this last-named lure. Heaven knows there are enough authorised firms of stockbrokers to do our business. I could wish that the rules which bind them and the discipline which controls them were sometimes even more strict. But the committee, though the Stock Exchange still has no Royal Charter, does exercise functions allied to those of the committees of learned professions, and it is about the only controlling authority covering a major activity in the City largely affecting the public. In these circumstances it should be a golden rule for every private investor to buy and sell his shares through his bank if possible but, if not, then with an authorised broker. Mr. Runciman has promised to set up a committee of inquiry to investigate the activities of bucket-shops and to check them. At this time of year one's post is heavy and consists chiefly of hospital appeals and bucket-shop circulars. Both should be curtailed and controlled in the interests of the public.

QUEEN MARY IN EAST LONDON: Her Majesty in the library at Queen Mary College which she visited last Saturday afternoon following an inspection of the new People's Palace, Mile End Road, erected in place of the building destroyed by fire in 1931

EDWARD GERMAN. — We have so long been strangers to grace, charm, purity, and delicacy in contemporary music, we are so unused to happiness and healthiness in the arts, that the death of Edward German suggests the easy epitaph: "The last of the Elizabethans." The title has been often bestowed—on Raleigh, on Rupert of the Rhine, and down to our own times

on Sullivan, whose name kept German's name as a shadow. Sir Edward German Jones (to give him his full name) was unlucky in his dates. He began when Sullivan was in his glory of output and popularity. He fell successor to this master of the light fantastic and was never allowed by Savoyards to be more than an excellent imitator. When he made a name for himself with *Merrie England* and *Henry VIII* dances, the day of light opera was over and the cruder musical comedy stuff held the Edwardians. So German never became more than a name—he was not known by sight outside his circle of friends—but his was and will remain a name dear to thousands who—though outside the "Sanger Circus"—escape to his music as men from a mine-shaft escape to the upper air of a June evening. He has already outlived his supplanters—the "Gaiety" composers and the first dreary batches of post-war negroids. Sullivan's name is linked with Gilbert's, German's with Shakespeare. He had his compensations and a long run which is not ended. He stood for grace and beauty and joy and patriotism. He stood for England and the English scene and character. He was indeed an Elizabethan.

THE MAR CASE.—One of the most famous peerage cases, a notable *cause célèbre* of mid-Victorian days, a case held to be a notorious and long drawn out persecution and miscarriage of justice, was the Mar peerage case. This ancient and lamentable controversy is revived or disposed of by Mr. H. A. Doubleday, editor of *The Complete Peerage*, in a pamphlet now published with vol. 9 of that important work of history and research. It is the story of a Scottish Earl (whose earldom was the oldest in Scotland) who by the unjustifiable claims of a cousin and the gross injustice of the Judicature, was for twenty years humiliated, robbed of his property, and finally ruined. The cousin was Earl of Kellie, who claimed to be heir to an alleged Earldom of Mar of a later creation. Lord Kellie was already in possession of the Mar estates. Lord Mar's only remedy was an action to recover them in the Scottish Courts; but his chance of success was prejudiced by the fact that he was compelled to sue for the estates of his earldom *as a commoner*. He was forced to enter his appearance as Mr. Goodeve-Erskine. So by 1875 Lord Kellie was confirmed in possession and confirmed in his right to the Earldom of Mar (alleged later creation). The House of Lords continued to accept two contentions as facts—that the ancient earldom was extinct and Mr. Erskine an impostor; and that the later Earldom of Mar had been properly created. Mr. Doubleday's pamphlet is a convincing and carefully documented argument demolishing these "facts." In 1877 the House of Lords was compelled to recant on one of them. It admitted that the older earldom was not extinct. Two attempts by Lord Kellie's side to obtain its extinction by Resolution of the House of Lords and by Act of Parliament now followed, and failed at last after arousing a storm of protest from Scotland, from the peerage, and from the public. In 1884 the "real Lord Mar's" friends appealed to Queen Victoria—in vain! In 1885 an Act of Parliament was passed *restoring* him the dignity he had never forfeited. That, Mr. Doubleday asserts, was the crowning injustice of twenty years of loose reasoning and persecution by lawyers.

MRS. HAMLYN.—England lost a dictator last week, when Mrs. Hamlyn of Clovelly died. A benevolent dictator, she ruled Clovelly for more than sixty years. She kept the trippers within reasonable bounds, she preserved the beauties of her lovely cove, she compelled the villagers, who loved her and whose joys and sorrows she made her own, to ways of health and hygiene. Her tiny figure, in picturesque old-fashioned clothes, brought cheer to all and fear to the foolish as it toiled up the precipice which is Clovelly "High Street," and bedroom windows opened wide as the dictator, who insisted on fresh air, approached. At the Court, she was no less a dictator. Premiers and Ministers of State constantly enjoyed her company and brought her their difficulties, and lived at her house on terms of strict equality with schoolboys and undergraduates whose doubts and problems she solved and sympathised in with no less success and seriousness. Her heart never grew old, her zest for life never grew less.

MR. M. LEE WRITES.—"Sir,—I have just seen your disgusting screed in THE SPHERE. How can you write such vulgar nonsense? Every word General Göring says is true, as you well know. Do you and that crazy rag, *The Times*, really believe that the retention of the German colonies is worth another and Greater War wherein both Germany *and England* will go down for ever to make the world safe for Communism? There is but one consolation: that the vile cowards and unsexed harridans who enjoy the "blood sports" you are always defending, will be exterminated. I notice you have carefully avoided any reference to Gen. Göring's new laws, one of which prohibits the use of dogs and horses in hunting. How like you!" Mr. Lee has a vigorous style. I take it he is anti-Communist and anti-sport (so called). I have never expressed the sentiments he attributes to me about German colonies. On the contrary. But I take what consolation I may from being placed in the stocks beside *The Thunderer*, "that crazy rag," and "the vile cowards and unsexed harridans" who are presumably those ladies and gentlemen whom at this season the press photographer delights to depict in the shires. I cannot deny that I defend hunting and shooting. Mr. Lee enjoys his blood sports from his armchair and kills with a pen dipped in vitriol.

THE BROAD VIEW OF RELIGION.—Because the annual British Legion Armistice Service at Hayle, Cornwall, was to be held in the local Wesleyan Chapel, the Vicar of Hayle advised Church parishioners to stay away. In the Parish Magazine he wrote to his flock: "Loyalty to our religion requires us to refrain from taking part in any formal act of worship which is not a service of the church. The only exceptions are marriages and funerals, which church people may attend out of respect to the persons concerned." Your "good churchman" may apparently (without loss of religious status) respect the Wesleyan dead, unless of course those dead fell fighting for their country in the great war for FREEDOM. But it is unjust to judge a man from a paragraph. The Rev. W. T. Andrews is unknown to me. Probably he is an admirable Vicar. Probably he has been misquoted or, worse, partially quoted. There may be local currents unperceived by outsiders, and for all I know the threatened church boycott never took place. A press "scandal" lives only for one day. Let us not judge the Vicar unheard. We are justified in trouncing the paragraph, as a paragraph and as an effort to guide Churchmen in an isolated parish as to their attitude to an Armistice service holden in a Wesleyan Chapel.

THE OLD STAGER

BLAME PERRY?—It's true, at last. Rumour's long shot has hit the bull. Perry is a pro. He is to tour the States with Vines and meet perhaps Tilden and Cochet in exhibition games. He will open in Madison Square Gardens early in the new year. "Just for a handful of silver he left us," disappointed Davis Cup and Wimbledon fans and protagonists are quoting. "It is the ashes of British lawn tennis." What *bunk!* The "handful of silver" which Perry may earn in a year is put as high as £20,000. I prefer to divide such estimates by four. I put the annual incomes of such stars as Tilden and Vines no higher than that of a British Premier (old scale). This income Perry could have earned for the last three years. He resisted. He remained an "amateur," being paid his travelling expenses on his tours, and making perhaps here and there a little out of his talent as a player by methods accepted as legitimate. Was he then an amateur, in the sense that the first champion in the '70's—Spencer Gore—was an amateur? Of course not. He had to train and practise exactly like a pro. The game has been a business for twenty years. But a queer sort of business in which the leading men might make an income in any sphere but that in which they were engaged and that in which alone they excelled. They might sell wine or earn half commission on 'Change, and do both without knowledge. But amateur lawn tennis absolutely clings to this anachronism. It exalts the game to the status of a skilled profession and excludes from it all stars who did not happen to inherit fortunes from their parents. It is a game for the rich. It scorns the talented poor. The Blue Ribbon of Wimbledon, victory in the Davis Cup (it is a fair corollary) go to the big banking accounts. And that being so, we may console ourselves if Perry's defection implies England's eclipse. Let another nation have a turn. Blame Perry? No, Sir. He should have got going two years ago.

PREPARING FOR PANTO: Mr. Ralph Beader holding an audition at the Coliseum to pick the cast of the theatre's Christmas production of *Cinderella*

HEADLINED HAPPENINGS

THE END OF A RECORD-BREAKING RUN: The L.M.S. express No. 703 greeted by a huge crowd at Euston after setting up new fast times for long-distance non-stop steam travel on the journey to Glasgow and back. On the northward run the train covered the 401½ miles in 5 hrs. 53 mins. at an average speed of 68·2 m.p.h., while on the southward run it did even better, owing to the easier gradients, averaging 70 m.p.h. and taking 5 hrs. 45 mins. Later the driver and firemen gave a broadcast account of their experiences

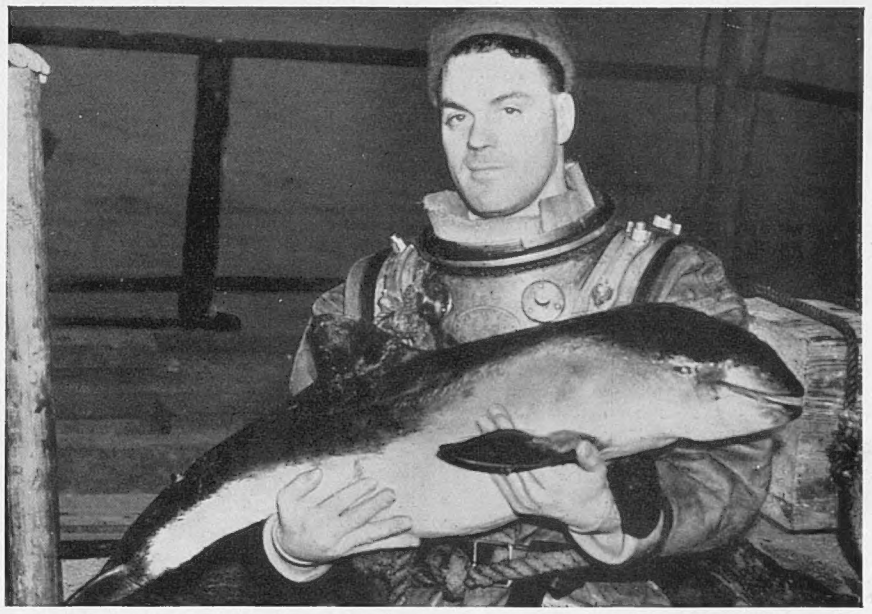
MARRIAGE AT ST. MARGARET'S: Captain Michael Ansell, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. K. Ansell, and Miss Victoria Fleetwood Fuller, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Fuller, passing beneath the swords of the guard of honour after their wedding last Tuesday. The honeymoon is being spent in Corsica

A BRITISH SUCCESS IN THE U.S.: Lieutenant J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, of the British team, with "Maguire", the mount with which he won the Brooks-Bright Jumping Challenge Trophy in the face of strong opposition at the Annual National Horse Show at Madison Square Gardens, New York. Lieut. Talbot-Ponsonby is now one of our most accomplished riders in the field of international competition and with further experience should go far

SOLE SURVIVOR; Fritz Roethke, a 17-year-old cabin boy who was the only member of the entire crew of forty to be rescued after the 4,450-ton Hamburg-Amerika motor vessel, *Isis*, had foundered in a great Atlantic gale 200 miles off Land's End. *Below*—Guide ropes put up for the use of passengers in the *Queen Mary* which was at sea during the same storm and had the roughest crossing of her career

A GRANDSTAND VIEW OF THE CIVIL WAR: A party of foreign journalists watching the rebel bombardment of Madrid from the balcony of a house in the suburbs. At the beginning of this week the firing and the aeroplane bombing showed a marked increase in intensity, many buildings being destroyed in the very heart of the city, and this was the prelude to a determined infantry advance that brought General Franco's men right into the streets

A POWER BEHIND THE PRESIDENT: Mr. James A. Farley, Postmaster General in the United States cabinet and, as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, organiser of Mr. Roosevelt's recent triumphant election campaign, arrived in London a few days ago at the start of a well-earned holiday which is to be spent largely at Castletown, Ireland, his parents' home town. Mr. Farley's plans for the future are uncertain but it is possible he will stand for Governor of New York—a cynosure among gubernatorial offices

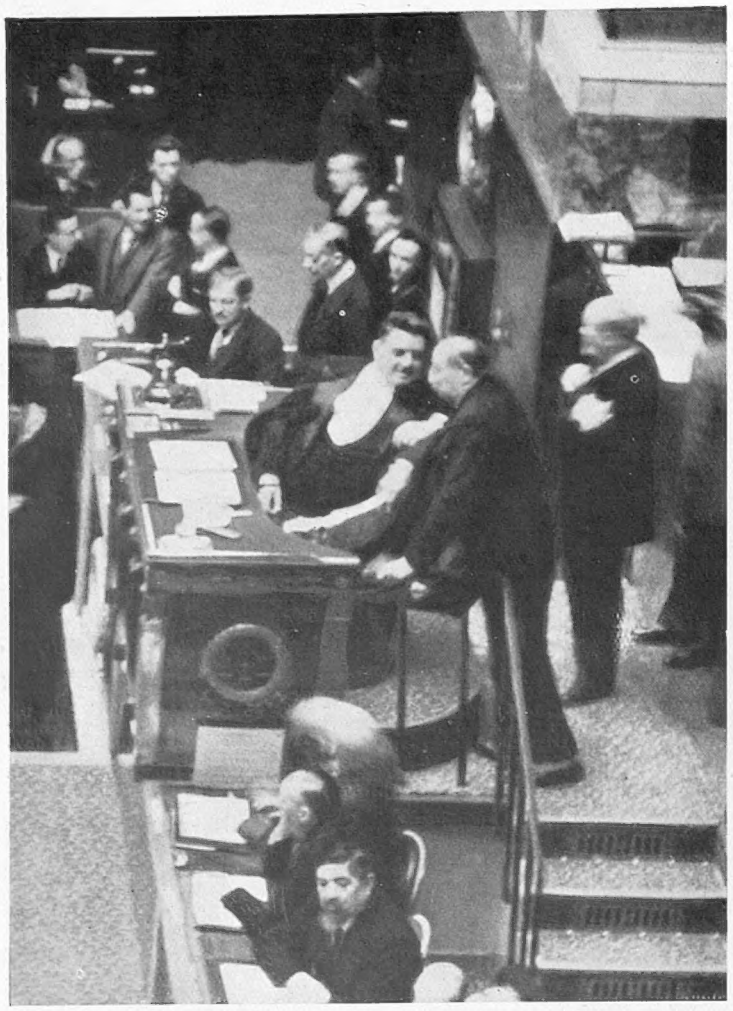


MONSTER COMES UP THE THAMES: A diver with the fish, possibly a dolphin, caught the other day by a fellow diver when working at the base of the piers beneath the old Waterloo Bridge. He stunned it with an iron bolt and then killed it with a knife

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER with London's new Lord Mayor, Sir George Broadbridge, at the tea and reception of the Girl's Life Brigade at Cutlers' Hall. Her Royal Highness was greeted by 200 officers and 80 girls from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and she remained with them about an hour

"PORTUGUESE JACK": The South African eagle which escaped from London Zoo last week, watched by an interested crowd in St. James's Park on Tuesday. Shortly after this picture was taken he was recaptured, being lured by a succulent morsel of fish into a cage brought to the park by his keeper. Jack had spent the previous night in the trees

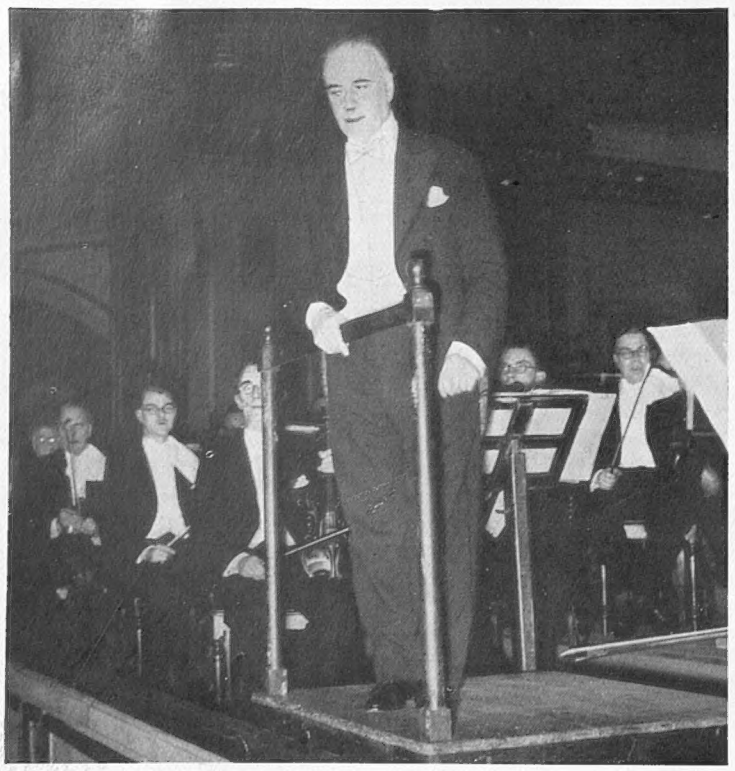
A EUROPEAN SURVEY



STORMY TIMES IN FRANCE: M. Blum, the Premier, in earnest conversation with M. Herriot, President of the Chamber, after the recent incident in which some fifty deputies engaged in a free fight on the floor of the House. The trouble arose over the charges levied against M. Salengro

A NEW LEADER EMERGES: M. Moscicki, the Polish President, addressing the newly-promoted Marshal Edward Smigly-Rydz before handing him the baton of his rank at last week's ceremony held in the courtyard of the Presidential palace in Warsaw. Thus after a lapse of eighteen months since the death of Marshal Pilsudski, Poland again has a Marshal as the head of the army, and, says *The Times* correspondent, "for all practical purposes as head of the nation"

MOSCOW'S DAY OF DAYS: *Above*—Smartly-uniformed women students of the Soviet Military Academy of Communications, and (*right*) a party of Spanish Communist delegates at the parade held on the Red Square in celebration of the nineteenth anniversary of the Revolution. The Red Army in all its modern might took part in the parade, tanks and anti-aircraft guns being much to the fore, and afterwards Marshal Vorisholov, its leader, delivered a speech in which he referred to the "imminence of war"

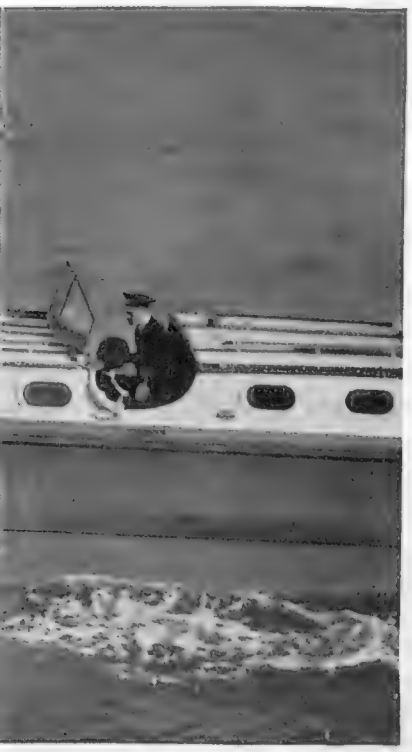


SIR THOMAS BEECHAM IN BERLIN: The famous conductor, who has taken his London Philharmonic Orchestra to Germany on the invitation of Herr von Ribbentrop, German Ambassador in London, gave a performance in the presence of Chancellor Hitler on November 13 at the first concert of a tour which is taking him to Leipzig, Munich, Stuttgart, and Cologne

ON THE ROYAL BARGE: The craft in which the King passed from ship to ship, and down the lines of destroyers, on the second day of his visit to the Home Fleet at Portland—a visit notable for its thoroughness and one which made a remarkably deep impression on the 10,000 officers and men of this Command

Before his departure the the mainbrace" was by Lord Louis Mount mine layer, *Narwhal*, in He climbed down the

THE KING WITH THE NAVY: Making an inspection on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier *Courageous* on the first day of his visit to the Home Fleet at Portland last week. In the evening His Majesty attended the lower deck smoking concert held in the hangar of this vessel, joining heartily in the singing with some two thousand naval ratings drawn from all ships



traditional and ever welcome signal, "Splice given. *On right*—His Majesty, followed batten, going aboard the new submarine which he spent about a quarter-of-an-hour, forward hatch and inspected the interior

Leicester Square—

A Plea and a Lament

THEY want to cut down the trees in Leicester Square to brighten it for the Coronation. The idea of trying to brighten Leicester Square is a shock to anybody who is elderly, or middle-aged. Leicester Square, which always stood for all that was bright and gay in the night life of London—Leicester Square, of which the soldiers sang when they went to war, and to which Florrie Forde sent her kind regards—the part of London which everybody in the world knew, and which, in the 'eighties, the 'nineties, and early nineteen hundreds was hardly ever mentioned without a wink or a leer—it was so very gay and naughty. Yet in this year of grace 1936, they talk of brightening it! They want to cut down the trees which shade the statue of Shakespeare; those trees under the shade of which the whole of Bohemian London has passed for generations—the only green oasis in a forest of brick. If they do this the last link with that old Leicester Square, which in spite of its foreign surroundings and population, was so essentially English, will indeed be gone.

THREATENED WITH THE AXE: Some of the sturdy trees of Leicester Square, which the authorities are planning to cut down

The Leicester Lounge is now part of a draper's. Those steep brass-bound stairs, down which so many a reveller rolled, are no more. The Empire, once the last word in naughtiness, is a picture theatre. Gone long since is that famous promenade, which was one of the sights of the world. The Empire, first resort of every returning exile, the last resort of every outward-bound traveller, has become respectable. American film stars flicker where once Genée danced. To-day we get our ballet from Russia. But who will forget those years between 1905 and 1907 when Adeline Genée appeared in that wonderful series of ballets:—*Cinderella*, *Coppelia*, *The Debutante*, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, *The Belle of the Ball*, and *The Dryad?*

Another sensation came from the Empire in those days, when Fred Farren and Ida Crispi introduced *The Apache* dance, over which all London went mad.

The Empire's rival, the Alhambra, now resounds to the pick of the housebreaker. There was a promenade there, too—less glittering and less splendid than that of the Empire. There was ballet there, too. Perhaps the best remembered one would be *Femina*.

One of London's first revues, *By George*, was staged at the Empire, after Genée had left.

THE ALHAMBRA PASSES: Men at work breaking up what were once the stalls and boxes of the famous music hall and theatre which is to be replaced by a cinema

The Queen's Hotel, once the resort of all the racing men in London, where you could meet all the famous jockeys, trainers, and professional backers, has been transformed into a news reel theatre.

The words "Hotel de Provence" still adorn the brickwork of a building opposite. It is now a respectable restaurant and tea shop. In the 'nineties and nineteen hundreds, downstairs at the Provence was a sight indeed. It was a step lower than the Café de l'Europe. No such sight could be seen anywhere in London to-night.

The Cavour is no more. It has gone smart, and is called the Café Anglais. Yet its clientele has changed little. It still retains a Bohemian atmosphere, because the Stage Golfing Society is upstairs.

One by one the old buildings are going. The south side of the Square has changed entirely. The west side is changing rapidly.

The room in which I worked for seven years has gone altogether, with the building in which it stood. It has been absorbed by the Automobile Association. From that window I looked across those trees which they now want to tear down. I have seen the wood pigeons building their nests in them. In the spring and autumn when the birds are migrating I have seen feathered visitors in those trees which one would only expect to meet in the depths of the country. I have watched the moon sail across the sky behind the domes of the Alhambra, before neon lights made it seem pale. Big hats, and long skirts swept the pavements. Men wore tall hats and carried walking sticks, hansom cabs stood on the ranks, the "pubs" were open all day long. There were no milk bars—there is one now, at the edge of Leicester Square. Leicester Square was not respectable then, but it was gay. This generation demands electric signs for brightness—we made the brightness ourselves. Now it is becoming respectable, and by a paradox, is losing its character.

A VIEW THAT IS FAST VANISHING: A glimpse of the Alhambra through the trees of Leicester Square

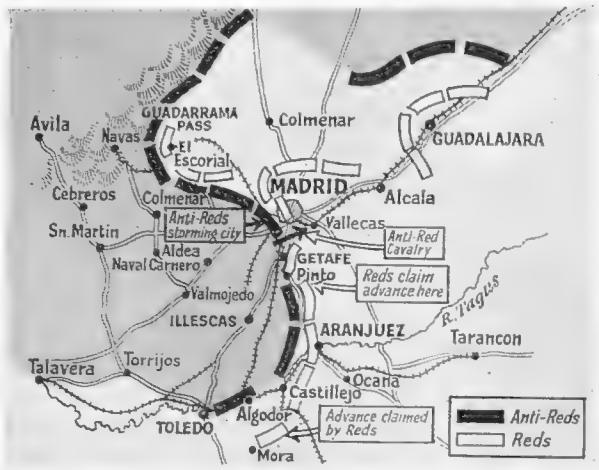
But whilst those trees stand it will still retain the look of the Leicester Square we knew and loved. If they go—and God forbid that they should—the last bit of gay London—the London that belonged to us and had not become Americanised, will indeed be gone, and it won't be brightened—it will just be dull.

W. Macqueen-Pope

Whites and Reds . . .

Round the Spanish Capital

FROM the dispatches reaching England hour by hour it is evident that (at the time of writing—Wednesday) the whites (Nationalists) have been checked by the reds (Spanish Government) in their advance on Madrid and that at some points the whites have given ground. If the latest news is correct, the reds have called up reinforcements from the south-eastern provinces and have thrown back their opponents from Aranjuez and are threatening Mora some 20 miles south-east of Toledo. No doubt General Franco has provided a rearguard position round Mora but will content himself with a purely rearguard action in this part of the theatre of war, for the capture of Madrid is, at the moment, his primary task as long as his base at Toledo is not endangered.



THE STORMING OF MADRID: A sketch map showing the relative positions of the opposing armies in the early part of this week. The main anti-red line stretched from the Guadarramas to Toledo, being stationary at all points except the vital centre which was attacking the capital

In order to understand the situation we must try to visualise the physical geography of the area within a radius of 100 miles or so of the capital. This can best be done if we imagine it as a partly opened face tilted upwards at the outer edge in a sector of 120 deg. The edge of the tilted face is occupied by the Sierra Guadarrama and Sierra Gredos respectively, the crest peaks of the Guadarrama running up to 2,400 metres (say 8,000 ft.) and the whole range showing formidable slopes and precipices on both flanks which at this moment probably show some snow, and are certainly very cold and bleak. The half-opened ribs of the face correspond to the buttress ridges running southward from the two mountain ranges, and in between these are countless torrents and minor streams feeding into the main rivers, viz. Tagus, Henares, Jarema, Manzanares and Alberche.

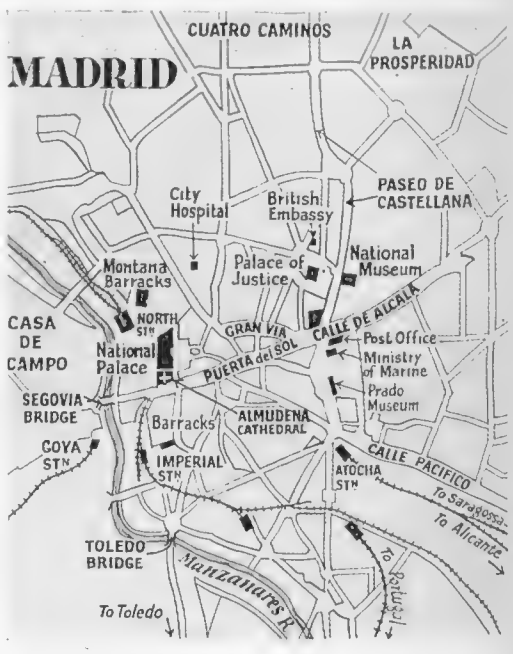
The second, third, and fourth of these streams are at the moment of great military importance to both sides, for unless the Manzanares can be crossed by the whites, they cannot enter Madrid which lies on the left (northern) bank, with suburbs on the right due south of the centre of the capital. A study of the conformation of the battle area makes it clear that the attackers have the advantage of commanding ground on the west and north, but until Escorial is captured, they cannot reap the full advantage there accruing.

Similarly in regard to Guadalajara, north east of Madrid on the river Henares. The reds have very rightly taken position in this neighbourhood to oppose any white force moving down from Siguenza or round the northern end of the Sierra Guadarrama on Madrid. Though Guadalajara is not much in the news, the position is of military importance, and it is worth noting that more than a week ago the whites claimed to have reached Alcala, midway between Guadalajara and Madrid. It is possible that a small mobile column *did* move south across country, and may have reached Alcala, but if they did do so they could scarcely maintain themselves there permanently, and would retire after doing what damage they could and possibly attracting to themselves red troops which were badly wanted to meet the main white attack on the south and west of Madrid.

The white line seems to be stationary for the moment on a line from the Tagus, some 5 miles below Aranjuez, through Pinto to the right bank of the Manzanares as far north as the park of Campimento. Thence the front runs westward through Val de Morillo to the vicinity of Escorial, thence on the commanding ground to south, west, and north-west as far as Navacerada. North of this it would appear that the whites have captured the heights as far as the crest above the village of Mira Flores, and from their emplacements and hill-top picquets the whites can look down on lake Manzanares, 4,000 ft. below them. This lake may influence the course of events in the near future, for it is the chief remaining source of Madrid's water supply. If, as is not unlikely, the whites develop a sudden and overwhelming attack and seize the lake, the water supply of Madrid would fail, and the city would be at their mercy.

To gain the left bank of the Manzanares without pressing a frontal attack to the bitter end, the white commander will strain every nerve to gain possession of Alcala. Established on the Henares he would be nearly 1,000 ft. above Madrid, and barely 30 miles from it, with road and railway in his possession and able, from this vantage point, to dominate the main road to Tarancon and Valencia, with all that such a position implies.

With winter upon him and weather bad, it is doubtful whether General Franco can undertake so serious an operation at once, but he alone can judge the *pros* and *cons*, and may decide that the necessary sacrifice of men and material is worth while to gain Madrid and all that its possession implies.



WHERE HOUSES HAVE BEEN TURNED INTO FORTRESSES and the rebels have had to fight every inch of the way. A sketch map of Madrid showing some of the important points mentioned in this week's news from the Peninsula

S. J. Cra'ster

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NAVAL | *The "Admiral Scheer" Visits Alicante—The "Hero" Goes to Portsmouth— The "Maine" as a Hospital Ship* | NEWS

A GERMAN VESSEL IN SPANISH WATERS: The 10,000-ton *Admiral Scheer* at anchor off Alicante, one of the east coast ports up to now unaffected by the civil war. An unusual picture showing washing hanging out to dry from the foremast to the gun turret. The *Admiral Scheer* is one of the three important capital ships of the new German navy, each of which is armed with six 11-in. and eight 6-in. guns, and is claimed to have a radius of action of 10,000 miles

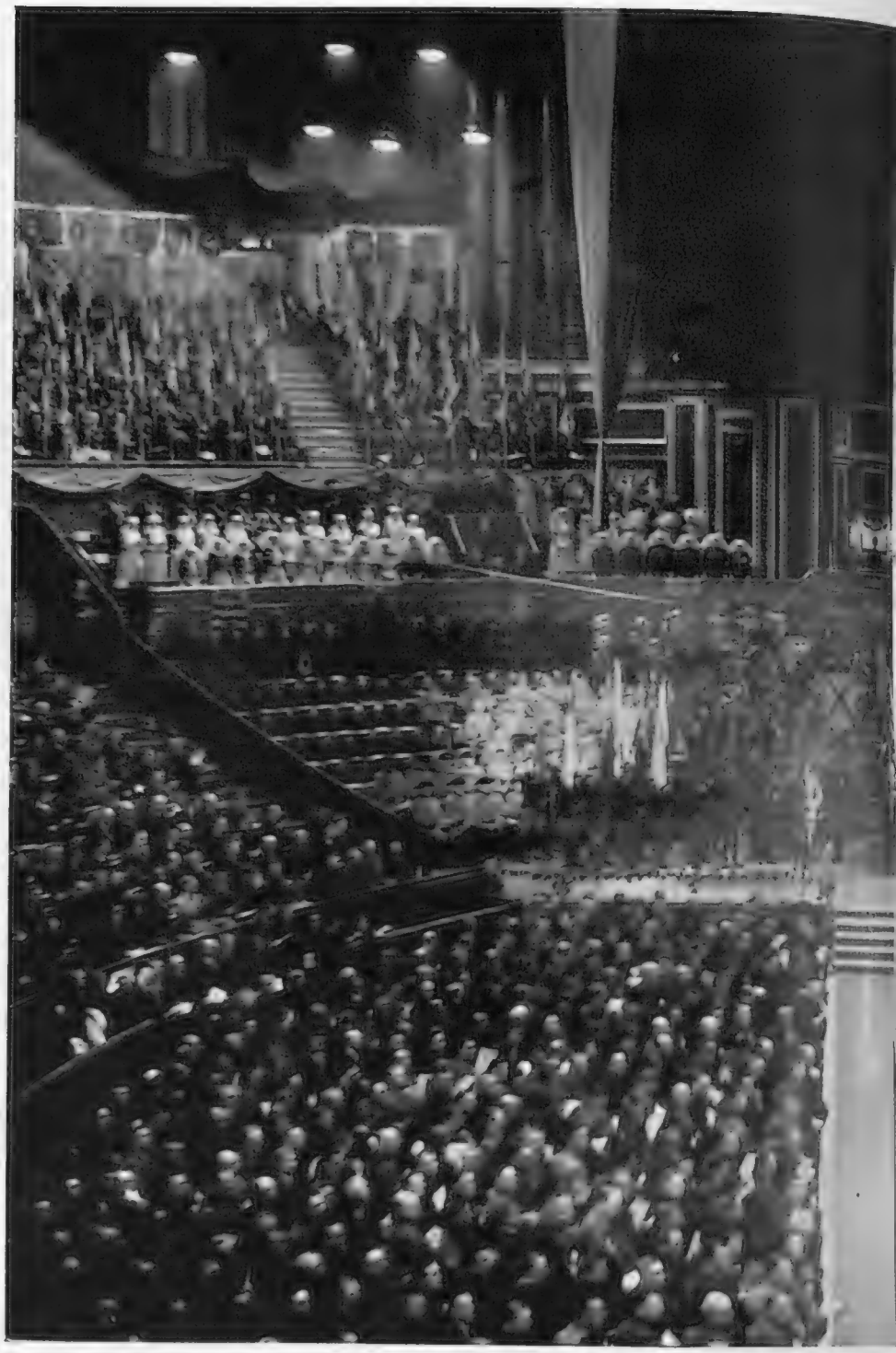
THE NAMESHIP OF THE NEW "HERO" CLASS: H.M.S. *Hero* arriving at Portsmouth to run her trials following completion on the Clyde. She is the latest addition to Britain's destroyer fleet, which is now being vastly strengthened. Fifteen more of these craft were allowed for in the 1934–35 naval estimates, while this number is exceeded in the 1936–37 estimates. Some of the new vessels will be of superior tonnage to their predecessors

VICTIMS OF THE ARAB CAMPAIGN: Bringing ashore a stretcher case from H.M.S. *Maine* when she arrived at Alexandria from Haifa, Palestine, with 600 sick and wounded British troops on board. Most of the men were suffering from minor complaints only, but it was thought wiser to transfer them owing to limited accommodation in Palestine hospitals. The *Maine* has now made three trips as a hospital ship. It is thought that no more will be necessary

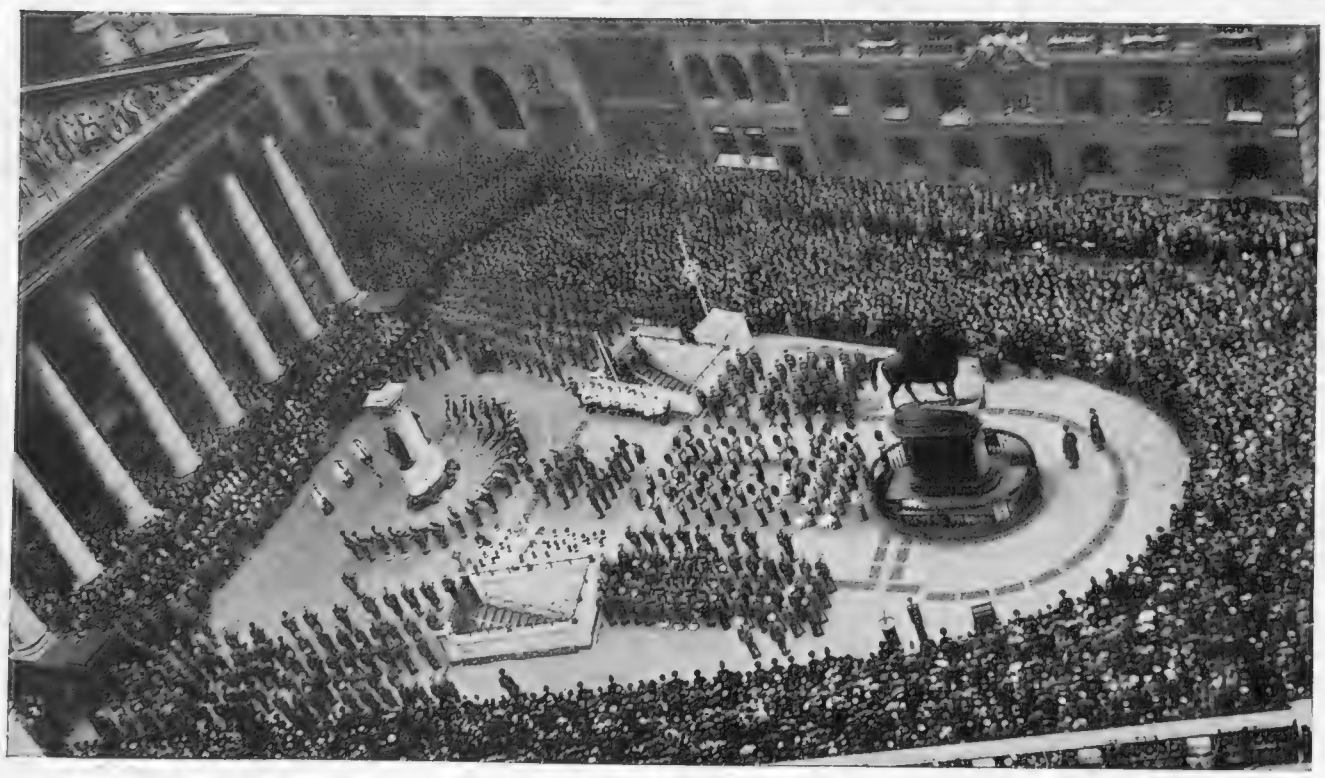
ARMISTICE DAY, 1936

AT LIVERPOOL CENOTAPH: The captain of the Yugoslavian football team, which came over to England last week, laying a wreath at the foot of the memorial, while his colleagues look on with bared heads

On left—A WREATH OF FLANDERS POPPIES about to be cast on the sea after the Two Minutes Silence had been observed and the "Last Post" sounded at a service held in a lifeboat off Gorleston in memory of fallen sailors



"AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN AND IN THE MORNING WE WILL REMEMBER THEM": The scene in the Albert Hall at the Festival of Empire and Remembrance attended by the King and held in the evening of Armistice Day when many hundreds of men and women gathered to renew memories of service and comradeship. His Majesty received a great ovation on entering the Royal Box, programmes being waved in the air, as cheer succeeded cheer. An hour of

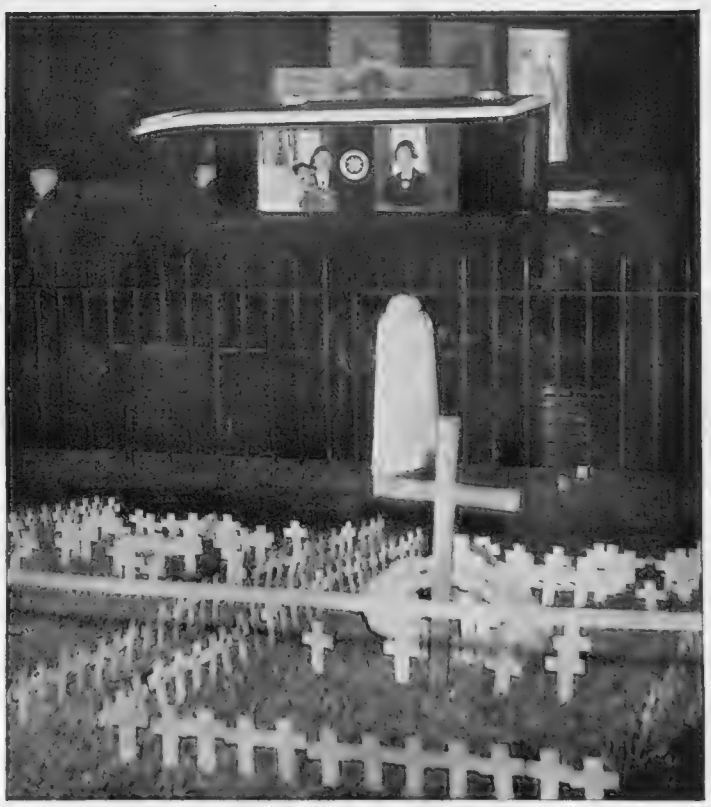


IN EDINBURGH: A group including Sir (second from right) on the way to join in the Service. *On left*—IN at the Royal Exchange. A view

A FURTHER RECORD OF LAST WEEK'S CEREMONIES OF REMEMBRANCE BOTH IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

colourful marching, music, and song filled the first part of the Festival, starting with the entry of the Legion standards and the singing of "Pack Up Your Troubles." Later the proceedings were on a more solemn note in keeping with the day, culminating in the playing of the "Last Post" and the "Reveille"

ON THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE: The King, unrecognised by his subjects, looking down on the wooden crosses in front of Westminster Abbey. He went there to set up a cross in his father's memory



FULFILMENT: Major G. Howson, Chairman of the British Legion poppy factory, and eight years ago originator of the idea of the Field of Remembrance, went by ambulance from a sick bed to see the field

AMONG HIS WAR COMRADES: A striking study of the King at the Albert Hall Festival of Remembrance

Below—
"AND ALL THE AIR A SOLEMN STILLNESS HOLDS": The Two Minutes Silence observed by members of the Eridge Hunt at their meet at Mark Cross, Tunbridge Wells

Ian Hamilton (centre) and Lord Rosebery to the shrine where thousands assembled THE CITY: The Two Minutes Silence taken from the roof of the Bank of England

CROYDON AFTER DARK: An Imperial Airways mail plane drawn up on the floodlit concrete apron in front of the control tower before leaving for the Continent. A night scene at London's great airport which has so grown in importance that now more passengers pass through it than through the seaport of London

PIERCING THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT: One of the eight fixed floodlights which are placed at intervals round the landing area at Croydon and each of which delivers about 1,000,000 candle power. The lighting system at the airport is regarded as the most efficient in the world

OUTWARD BOUND: *Left*—Passengers embarking at night and (*below*) a machine streaking across the aerodrome with a powerful beam directed, from behind, along its take-off course

The Airport of London

By Night and Day

"What a foul evening!" you exclaim as you settle yourself in a comfortable chair thankful to be indoors out of the blustering wind and driving rain. Yet perhaps at that very moment a big air liner is standing ready on the concrete apron at Croydon airport waiting for a coach-load of passengers bound for Paris to arrive from London. The pilot has just had a weather report from the meteorological office telling him to expect dirty weather over the Channel with gusts up to 45 m.p.h. over Northern France and rain along most of the route, and as he stands waiting beside his machine the heavy gusts push the pen of the wind gauge higher and higher and bring down squalls of rain from the south-west.

Presently the coach arrives, the passengers emplane, and soon the big machine taxies out into the path lit by the floodlight, and having received the flash of the all clear signal from the control tower the pilot opens the throttles and with a roar the liner takes off into the darkness. Just about the time you are sitting down to your evening meal at home the passengers are being served with dinner in the brightly lit cabin high above the Channel.

A couple of hours later another machine homeward bound from Paris is due at Croydon, and in spite of the weather she comes in to time dead on her course. After circling the aerodrome and getting permission to land by light signal from the control tower she floats to earth down the beam of the floodlight and taxies up to the arrival gangway. The passengers pass quickly through the Customs hall, their passports are scrutinised by the immigration officials, their baggage is examined, and if all is correct they are on their way to London in the motor coach in a very few minutes.

This State owned airport is in fact the air equivalent of some seaport dealing with ocean-going liners; actually, it handles more passengers than most seaports, and their numbers are only exceeded by the Channel ports. More passengers pass through Croydon than through the Port of London. The chief aerodrome officer corresponds to the harbourmaster and, in addition to managing the internal economy of the airport, controls the coming and going of air liners and smaller craft.

The nerve centre of the whole airport is the control tower, whence the movements of all aircraft entering or leaving the port are regulated by wireless telegraphy, wireless telephony, or light signal. The control officer is in touch with every air liner outward and homeward bound on the Continental airway, and on a large map small flags bearing the registration letters of each machine are moved in accordance with its reported position. On another big map are plotted the bearings and positions given to aeroplanes by wireless. Wireless bearings of machines are taken by the direction-finding stations at Croydon, Lympne, and Pulham. These are reported back to the control tower, where the position of the machine is plotted and reported back to its pilot. Within a minute and a half of his request for position the pilot can be told where he is.

When visibility is bad, officially defined as less than 1,000 yards horizontally and 1,000 ft. vertically, a controlled zone, south of the Thames, roughly speaking bounded by a line joining Kingston, Redhill, and Penshurst and running thence due north back to the Thames, is established. Two control officers are on duty in the control tower instead of one. All aircraft are warned by wireless or ground signal that the control is in force and a special short wave wireless system is brought into use to avoid interference with messages to incoming machines. No machine

(Continued on page 332)

CHAMBA AND LAHOUL—WHERE INDIA MEETS TIBET

THE TEMPLE OF MANI MAHESA AMID THE HILLS AT BRAHMAUR: A remarkable architectural style found in Chamba State, the little-known territory in the far north of the Punjab where it abuts on Western Tibet

THE PERILOUS GLACIER-FILLED KUGTI PASS that leads from Chamba into British Lahoul, taking the traveller to a height of 17,000 ft.

SOME hundred odd miles due north of Simla, tucked in between the Great Himalayan Range and its off-shoot the Eastern Pir Panjal, lies Lahoul.

The upper portion is part of British India. It consists of the valleys of the Chandra and the Bhaga from their sources, a few miles apart on the Baralacha Pass, to their junction at Gusal, near Kyelang, the capital, and thence to Thirot in the main valley. From Thirot to Tindi is Chamba Lahoul, part of Chamba State.

The whole formed part of the war indemnity ceded to the British in 1846 after the first Sikh war. Of this Kulu and British Lahoul were kept by the Government and the remainder almost immediately sold back to Raja Gulab Singh. It was this Raja who a little earlier had invaded and annexed Ladakh, Lahoul's immediate neighbour to the north. Ladakh up till then was part of Western Tibet, and it is from that fact that this article takes its title.

Lahoul is the highroad to the Punjab from Western Tibet. The road from Leh in Ladakh enters it via the 16,000 ft. Baralacha Pass and descends to 10,000 ft. at Kyelang on the Bhaga valley. Four miles below Kyelang, at the junction of the two rivers, it splits. One road turns north-west towards Chamba Lahoul and the temple of Triloknath, the other south-east, up the valley of the Chandra, to the Rohtang Pass, Kulu and the Punjab States.

(Continued on next page)

A LIFE-SIZE BRAZEN BULL in a temple at Brahmaur, Chamba State. An image dating back nearly thirteen centuries to the year 690

Where India Meets Tibet

(Continued from page 309)

The language and the characteristics of the Lahoulis change in each valley, but their features show plainly their Mongolian origin and the lingua franca of the whole area is colloquial Tibetan. Tibetan too is the practice of polyandry which is prevalent, especially in the higher valleys. The religious cult is almost entirely Buddhist. Buddhism entered Lahoul and Tibet about A.D. 700 and is largely grafted on to earlier Hindu customs and beliefs. The temple of Triloknath is a very famous place of pilgrimage, visited annually by thousands of Tibetans and also Hindus. It holds a marble image of Triloknath, whose Tibetan name is Avaloketashvara. Shiva, probably the original deity, is still worshipped there by Hindus.

There are many Buddhist monasteries, or gompas, in Lahoul, mostly of the red lama sect. In nearly all live a number of nuns (chummoos) who, with their hair cut short, look like rather ungainly youths.

In most gompas there is a main room which is the shrine, containing an altar covered with an embroidered cloth on which are placed the little votive bowls filled with oil or water, one or more images of Buddha and possibly also one of Avaloketashvara. In another room is the prayer drum. In the Kardang gompa this is a copper cylinder 6 ft. high and 4 ft. in diameter. It is painted all over with images and the Tibetan prayer, "Om mane padme hon" (Oh God, the jewel in the lotus, hail!), repeated over and over again. These drums are packed solid with the customary thousands of prayers written on ricepaper. Passers-by give the drum a push in a clockwise direction.

Every move in Buddhist rites is made clockwise. On the roads in Lahoul are met many chortens and mane walls, and these must always be passed, or walked around, from left to right. The chorten with its tulip bulb and small spire, set on a square-terraced base, may be erected anywhere, as a sign of devotion or thanksgiving for some special event. Mane walls are walls about 4 ft. high and the same across, in places a hundred or more feet long, made up entirely of flat stones inscribed with Buddhist prayers, placed there by the devout.

THE 13,300 FT. SUMMIT OF THE ROHTANG PASS on the highroad from the Punjab States to British Lahoul. Fearsome terrain which the shepherd and the trader cross at the peril of their lives. From April to October there is a constant stream of traffic in both directions

A LADAKHI WOMAN IN FULL DRESS: A front and back view showing the cobra-like headgear—a relic of pre-Buddhist snake worship imported from the far south. It is studded with uncut turquoise

LAHOULI GIRLS engaged in preparing grass to make shoes, especially for wear on ice and snow. Their head ornaments and plaques are of silver and the beads above the ears of amber. The language and the characteristics of these people change in each valley, but their features show plainly their Mongolian origin. They speak Tibetan

At some of the monasteries, notably Gondhla in the Chandra valley, are fine collections of devil masks, and the devil dances are performed at certain seasons. Much has been written about the famous Hemis masks and dances, at the gompa of that name near Leh: in Lahoul they are the same on a rather smaller scale.

The aspect of the country is in striking contrast to Chamba proper south of the Pir Panjal or to the Kulu valley south of the Rohtang Pass. The two latter are thickly wooded and covered with vegetation; crossing the 17,000-ft. glacier filled Kugti pass from Chamba into British Lahoul, there lies spread out a panorama of treeless, wild, desolate expanses of bare rock and vast glaciers. Only close to the villages in the main valleys is there cultivation. There, too, alongside the many irrigation channels, the villagers have planted willow trees which give welcome shade in the summer. Nearly the whole of Lahoul lies above 10,000 ft. Pthar, ibex, and red bear are common in the higher valleys.

The houses also differ greatly from their Chamba counterparts. They are built of stone, mud plastered, with flat roofs, on which there are haycocks and piles of that most precious commodity—wood. Access to the roofs and upper storeys is by a notched log. In the Kyelang area and higher nearly all the houses of a village are built touching and communicate one with another; the ground is feet deep in snow in the winter, and outside circulation almost impossible.

The passes are closed from December to March, or even June, according to their height, though parties of Lahoulis may cross the Rohtang Pass at all times in an emergency. It is, however, a very treacherous pass, and on one occasion 200 men were overwhelmed.

From April to the end of October there is a constant stream of traffic in both directions over this pass. As the snows melt the Gaddis, the shepherd inhabitants of the Pir Panjal and the Daular Dhar ranges, drive their flocks of sheep and goats up the Kulu valley, over the Rohtang, and through Lahoul to the grazing grounds on the Baralacha and beyond. In September and October they drive them back to the Punjab plains and foothills.

C. W. F. Busk

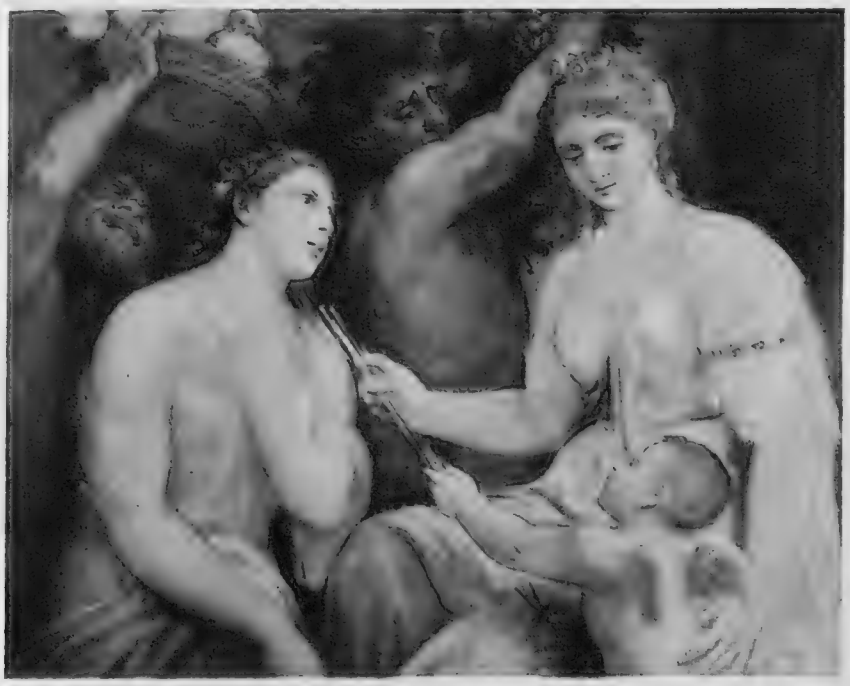
On right—A GADDI WOMAN AND HER FINERY: A type of costume worn by Pir Panjal shepherd folk

Art — Renaissance and Contemporary

AT THE FORTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS, which opened this week at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, and as in the past includes portraits of many outstanding figures of the day. *Left*—"Vice-Admiral Charles Fountaine, C.B.," Commander of the *Lion* at the Battle of Jutland, by H. Harris Brown, R.P. *Centre*—"Her Highness Lady Aly Shah," by Captain Oswald Birley, M.C., R.O.I. *Right*—"Louida," by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A. Visitors to the galleries will also be interested in Sir John Lavery's representation of famous screen stars, the outcome of a recent visit to Hollywood

HUSBAND AND WIFE HOLD A JOINT SHOW: Archibald and Amalie Colquhoun, two talented Australian artists who have for long enjoyed a big reputation in the Commonwealth and who are now giving their first exhibition in London at the Arlington Galleries, Old Bond Street. By no means all their work is of Australian inspiration, as, since their arrival over here, they have visited several parts of the country, including Loch Lomond, and vividly recorded their impressions

"GOD BLESS US ALL": This oil painting, so typical of the artist's delicate brushwork, has been on exhibition during the past fortnight at Ethel Everett's "one man show" at Walker's Galleries, New Bond Street. From her earliest days she has specialised with success in juvenile characterisation



BY THE MASTER OF RENAISSANCE ALLEGORY: This Titian painting, "Education of Cupid," so outstanding for the sensuous realism of its figures, was acquired recently by Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Worcester, of Chicago, from the Wildenstein Galleries, New York, and has since been loaned to the Chicago Art Institute. It was formerly in the possession of the Wemyss family and has twice been exhibited in London

SIMON NEWCOMB, the eminent Canadian astronomer who, with the unveiling of this portrait bust by Frederick Macmonnies, becomes the first of his countrymen to be represented in the Hall of Fame at New York University. Newcomb will always be remembered for his great work in bringing about the revision and simplification of the nautical almanacs of the world

BOXERS IN TRAINING

The Cost and the Manner of their Preparation for Big Fights

By CHARLES GRAVES

A THREE-MINUTE STRETCH WITH THE PUNCH BALL: Len Harvey is one of the most phlegmatic of our boxers and, by strict attention to training, always comes into the ring in the pink of condition. The manner in which he stood up to John Henry Lewis for fifteen rounds at Wembley the other day, despite the age handicap, provided abundant proof of this

WITH the exception of circus turns which have their brief moment of limelight on the trapeze or in the lions' den, few public performers lead more secluded lives than boxers. The vast mass of the public see them and cheer them as they climb into the ring in their gaudy dressing-gowns, and followed by their smirking managers; applaud or boo them according to their tactics in the ring; and having seen them after their victory or defeat, remain in blissful ignorance of the intervening weeks or months until once again they reappear.

But, like every other competitive sport, boxing grows more scientific in its preparation every day—and more expensive too. It has cost Walter Neusel, who has just fought Ben Foord, between £70 and £80 a week for two months to prepare him for the fight at Harringay. He has never had less than three sparring partners and sometimes five, changing over from one partner to another according to his trainer's desire for sluggers, in-fighting experts, and boxers who are fast on their feet. Walter Neusel has been training at the Star and Garter at Windsor. This is one of the half-dozen hotels and public houses which are most popular for this purpose among boxing managers. It is run by Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey. Mrs. Godfrey is famous for her cooking. Her husband used to be in charge of the mess of the Royal Artillery Depot at Woolwich.

Every morning Neusel was called at 7.30 a.m. with orange juice, and took the road at 8 a.m. After walking or running five to eight miles he returned for a bath and an under-water massage. At ten o'clock he was putting away a full sized Englishman's breakfast of eggs and bacon, corn-flakes, coffee, toast, and marmalade. From then until 1 p.m. he played shove-halfpenny or a few holes of golf. An hour's rest followed a visit to the gymnasium. He shadow boxed, punched the ball, and took on his sparring partners in a series of rapid fire rounds. At three o'clock he had another bath and massage. Then an hour's rest in bed was followed by card playing and other recreations—possibly a visit to the cinema. At 7 p.m. he had a dinner of red meat and fruit, carefully avoiding all starchy foods like potatoes, but allowing for any amount of marrow bones. By ten o'clock he was in bed. Occasionally if he felt stale he would take a day off from the routine. In addition to himself and his sparring partners he also had his trainer Whitey bucking him, and a masseur.

Over at Northaw Kennels his opponent, Ben Foord, had been undergoing a similar preparation. He had Louis Walsh (his manager), Charlie Bundy (his trainer), Joe Bowker (a former bantam-weight champion of the world as adviser), Bill Iken (as the chief of his half-dozen sparring partners), and a masseur, and occasional bouts with leading amateurs like P.C. Hunter, the gigantic police boxer. His routine was much the same as Neusel's, except that he was called at 6.30 a.m., and, being at the kennels, had his road-work made more interesting by the opportunity it gave him of accompanying the kennel lads when they were exercising the greyhounds. Actually, he did most of his sparring in the evening, the ring being in the recreation room of the establishment. Most of the kennel lads are keen fight fans, and all those who had a moment to spare watched him

Just before the light heavyweight championship of the world I visited John Henry Lewis at his training camp at the Barn on the Barnet by-pass. Lewis's solicitor told me with pride that John Henry Lewis's camp was always the most liberal of all. I was not surprised after I learnt that on the negro's pay roll were not only two sparring partners and a trainer, but the solicitor, the manager, the manager's wife, Jimmy Johnson of Madison Square Gardens, two boxing reporters (one representing the white press and one representing the coloured press), and two backers who were putting up £20,000 apiece on their man. Owing to the Ministry of Labour restrictions the two sparring partners were technically not allowed to accept any payment for their services. Actually what will happen will be this. On their return to the United States they will be given a present which will exactly correspond to the rate of 10 dollars a round, two rounds a day, while sparring with the champion; together, of course, with their fares across the Atlantic and back and their hotel expenses. I doubt very much whether Lewis's training, towards which the Wembley authorities advanced £200, will come to less than £600.

SPARRING AT HIS BARNET QUARTERS: John Henry Lewis, the American negro who recently retained his World Light-Heavyweight title at Wembley. His training for the fight cost about £600, says Charles Graves in the accompanying article

Here is another interesting table of statistics. The costs of Jack Doyle's training before he met Petersen at the White City were as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Hotel expenses at the Dumbbell, Taplow	82	9	0
The trainer	37	10	0
The sparring partners—			
Johnny Sullivan	30	0	0
George Slack	25	0	0
Len Johnson	20	0	0
Hire of the ring	5	0	0
Cartage of the ring from London to Taplow and back	2	0	0
Further sparring partners—			
Gunner Bennet	10	0	0
Alf Luxton	10	0	0
Alf Hewitt	15	0	0
Ernie Rice (for advice)	5	0	0
Boxing gear (gloves, shoes, trunks, and so forth)	7	4	6
Seconds at the ring	4	0	0

In addition, another £150 was spent by his manager, Dan Sullivan, in all the preliminary negotiations, telephone calls, telegrams, train journeys, entertainment of the press, and personal appearances.

Jack Doyle was one of the most temperamental boxers ever in training. Metaphorically, he had to be fed a lump of sugar before he would do a thing. Bombardier Wells and Bandsman Blake were also somewhat prima donna-ish. By contrast, Len Harvey has always been phlegmatic, while Mike Honeyman and Charlie Smith and Harry Reeves were equally easy to handle. Most boxers, however, are somewhat superstitious, and if they have won a fight after training at some particular hotel or public house they usually return there for their next fight. Thus the Star and Garter at Windsor has always been Neusel's headquarters. Carnera, Dick Corbett, Gipsy Daniels, Charlie Smith, and Kid Berg have all trained there. Jimmy Wilde trained either at Tylorstown or the Victoria Hotel at Porthcawl. He tells me that his sparring partners used to cost him anything from £6 to £20 a week. Joe Beckett trained at Southampton. The Norfolk Arms at Wembley used to be the place where Kid Lewis and Joe Conn trained. Mine host was Billy Sampson, who used to be a great figure in the days of horse trotting. The Black Bull at Whetstone was always the headquarters of Harry Reeves and Matt Wells. Len Harvey also trained there before he took to the Star and Garter and/or the Dumbbell. The owner of the Black Bull was the late Jim Mouse, and a very fine fellow too. Jack Bloomfield used to train at the Dumbbell at Henley. Jack Petersen trained in his native Cardiff. Eddie Phillips trains at Shoeburyness.

The essentials for preparations for a fight are primarily good sound food, good air, and opportunities for doing road work without the boxer's being pestered by motor cars. Sometimes publicans come after boxing managers and offer them a cut rate because they know that the boxer will be an attraction in the four-ale bar and elsewhere. If a boxer has to "do the weight" he naturally has to keep off alcohol, but otherwise beer in reasonable quantities is generally considered a perfectly sound beverage. Len Harvey always used to have a glass of brown ale before going to bed, and probably does so still. Many managers believe that their boxers ought to have something to work out in the gymnasium.

A good deal of the cost of the training can be attributed to continuous invitations to the press, together with luncheons and drinks for them to see how the men are shaping and, of course, to give the bout some advance publicity.

I have said nothing about skipping exercises, which can be taken for granted; nor ground exercises, which are also obvious.

JACK PETERSEN (left) with three of his sparring partners, Norman Baines, Bert Ikin, and Eddie Steel. The former British and Empire Heavyweight Champion invariably trains at Cardiff, his home town, where he enjoys immense popularity

The FEMININE ANGLE

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION . . .

Miss Patricia Kennedy seen at the opening meet of the famous Kildare pack

MARLENE AND WENDY . . .

The Dietrich with a little friend at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street

LACROSSE—PURPOSES . . .

How Kay Stammers keeps in training for the Centre Court

A PRINCESS OF THE PRAM . . .

A charming young visitor to Hyde Park—Mary Whitbread

A SACRED THEME: De Lawd (Rex Ingram) looks with anger on two young people careless of the Sabbath. A scene from *The Green Pastures*, the Hollywood film of a negro version of the Bible story

WHEN THE RAIN CEASED: *Left*—Noah (Eddie Anderson) receives the dove as it returns to the deck of the Ark. *Right*—The angel Gabriel (Oscar Polk) who in the film is always represented wearing wings

IN FOREST AND PALACE: *Above*—De Lawd prays with his angels. *Below*—Moses and Aaron come before Pharaoh in his palace and ask him for the release of their people from bondage in Egypt

"THE GREEN PASTURES"

A Remarkable Film of the Bible Story with an All-Negro Cast

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN BIBLE: A fine woodcut in a copy of the scriptures printed in 1483 by Anton Koberger, of Nuremberg. It is included in the library of the late W. M. Mensing, and will be auctioned at Sotheby's on December 15

A GREAT BOOK SALE

A Valuable Dutch Collection to be Dispersed

READERS of Dutch history realise that the zenith of her greatness came when she was fighting for her existence against the dominant power of Spain. The liberty she achieved brought commercial prosperity, and with it came the golden days of Dutch art when Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Vermeer, and Hobbema produced the pictures which have called forth the admiration of the succeeding centuries. It was also the period of great book production when fine printing and elegant binding were in demand.

The famous firm of Elzevir of Leyden and Amsterdam produced beautiful editions of the classics, many of which are the dreams of the book collector of to-day. Louis Elzevir, the founder of the firm, was fortunate in having five sons, who all carried on the business which retained its fame for nearly a hundred years, from 1592 to 1681. It was this distinguished firm to which we owe the first recorded book sale, early in the seventeenth century. The English did not follow their example till nearly the end of the century. This eminence in the book market has been retained by Holland who has seldom found it necessary to dispose of her books in foreign countries. It is, therefore, an event of outstanding importance in the Book Sale world, that the library of the late Mr. Ant. Mensing should be offered for sale by Sotheby's during three days in December next—the 15th, 16th and 17th.

Mr. Mensing had been connected with the firm of Frederick Müller and Company of Amsterdam for fifty years. When he first entered it, it was mainly engaged in the book trade, but he enlarged its interests till it became a general art business. Those who have been privileged to receive the catalogues of Müller and Company have long known the renown of the firm and of the importance of their sales. The catalogues of folio size, were things to treasure for themselves, being art productions of high quality, more elaborate than anything of their kind in this country.

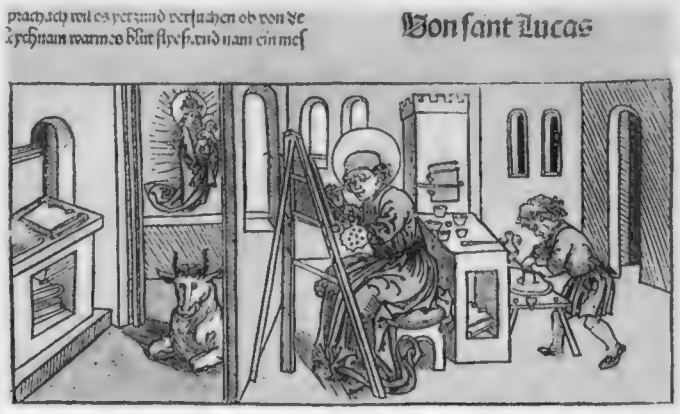
There are 615 items in the carefully produced and illustrated catalogue, costing 1 guinea, which book collectors are now studying, and which one anticipates will bring a large gathering to Sotheby's on December 15.

ONE OF A SET OF SEVEN WOODCUTS depicting the Triumphs of the Virtues over the Vices in Pierre Gringore's *Le Chasteau de Labour*. This work, which is also in the Mensing collection, is very rare, and was printed before 1509. *On left*—This miniature of the Crucifixion, painted on a ground of burnished gold and showing the influence of the South Netherlands School, occupies a full page in a Latin Missal (Use of Utrecht), dating from the year 1457

Among the illuminated manuscripts, which greatly attracted Mr. Mensing, *The Epistle and Gospel-book of Marie d'Orgemont* stands out in importance. It is neatly written in French, on vellum. The arms on each illuminated page show that the book belonged to Marie, daughter of Arnoul Boucher d'Orsay, who was Treasurer of France in 1400—widow of Philippe d'Orgemont, who died after attending the coronation of Charles VII, known to us all as the weak Dauphin, whom the spiritual fervour and martial ardour of Joan of Arc brought to triumph at Rheims.

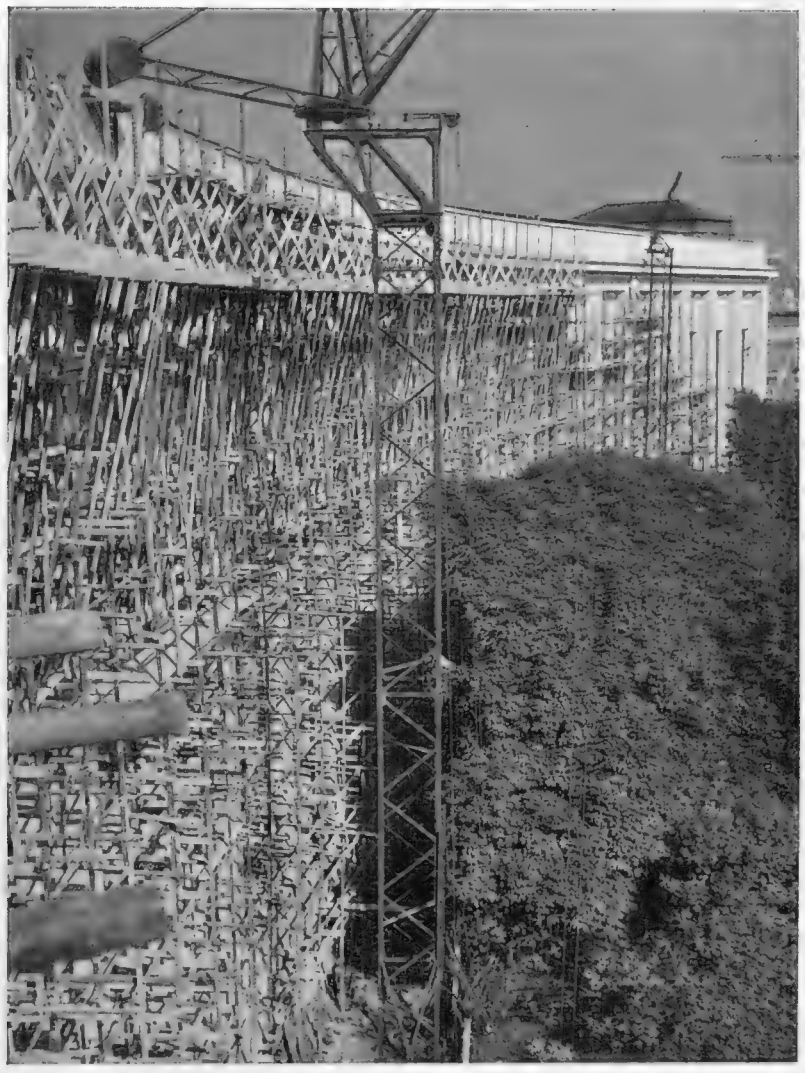
Another manuscript of which the owner was very proud is the *Amersfort Missal*, dated 1457, written by Gerard Amstel of Arnhem in the convent of St. Hieronymusberg near Hatten, Guelders, and given to the Convent of St. Agnes at Amersfort. It is quite complete.

There are also some splendid examples of early printed bibles, containing interesting woodcuts, one of the earliest being the work of Fust and Schoeffer, dated 1462.

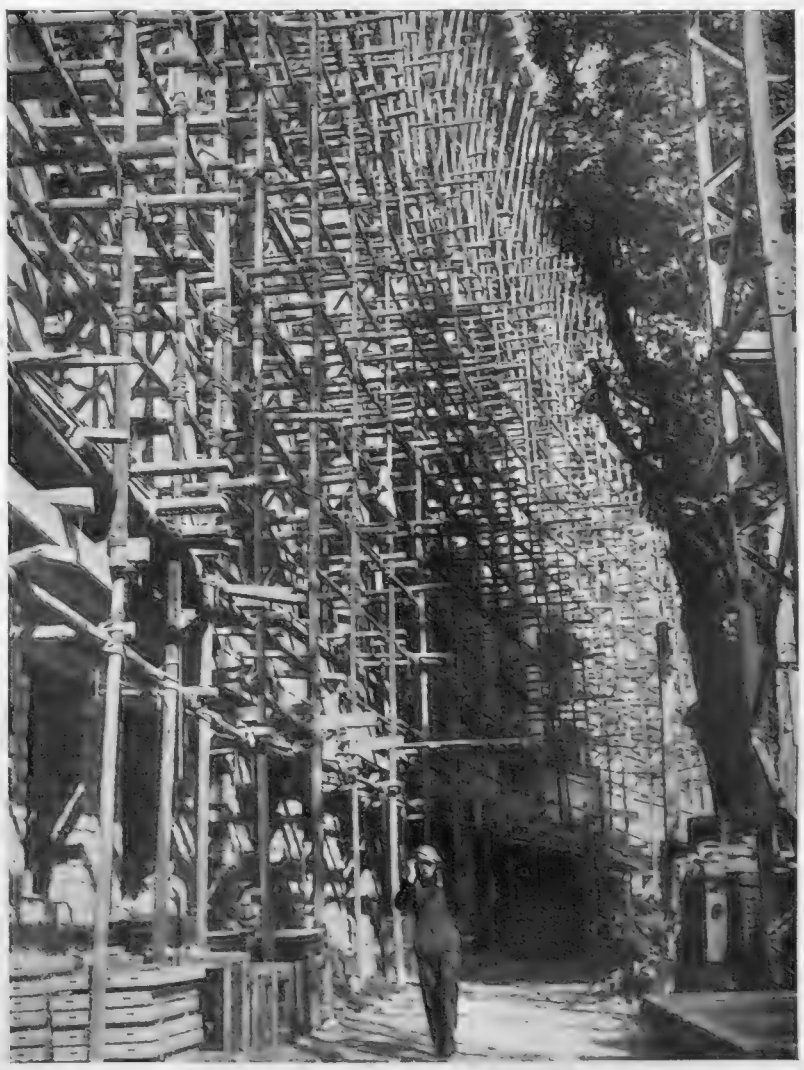


FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MANNERS, COSTUME, AND CUSTOMS are depicted in this and other woodcuts in Jacobus de Voragine's *Das Passional Oder Leben der Heiligen*. All the 260 illustrations were coloured by an early hand and the volume was printed in 1488. It will be offered on the third day of the Mensing sale

The Great Paris Exhibition Takes Shape



AMID A FOREST OF SCAFFOLDING: Work is now well advanced on the 130-acre site beside the banks of the Seine where numerous imposing buildings, some of them intended to be permanent, are being erected in readiness for the Paris Exhibition to be held throughout the late spring, summer, and autumn of next year. One of the most important of these buildings is to be the new Palais de Trocadéro, which incorporates a part of the old Palais but will be entirely modern in aspect. The left-hand picture shows the gracefully curving west wing in course of completion, and the right-hand picture shows a portion of the east wing



THE TROCADERO FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT: Two more impressions of the building that takes the place of the old Palais, which was built in Oriental style and was for so many years a familiar Paris landmark, dominating the height above the Champ de Mars. The main intention of the Exhibition is to demonstrate contemporary industrial and scientific progress, and also the need for more commercial products of individual character as opposed to those that are mass-produced. In the British Pavilion, which is to be situated in a commanding position on the Quai d'Orsay, British quality goods will be well represented

MARLBOROUGH HAS A NARROW ESCAPE AT RAMILLIES

Here Mr. Lionel Edwards depicts a dramatic incident at the battle of Ramillies when the Duke of Marlborough was cut off from his own troops and surrounded by hostile cavalry. It is recorded that "setting spurs to his short-tailed and powerful black charger, he rode through the surrounding foe, heading for the shelter of his own lines. As he galloped for safety across the apparently clear plain, a sudden vision of an open ditch confronted horse and rider. The Frenchmen, who had recognised him, were close upon his heels; there was no time to gather his horse for the leap, and the result was disaster. In an instant both man and horse were rolling on the ground, fortunately out of the ditch, upon the far side. Thoroughly scared the animal galloped on as soon as he found his feet, leaving the most important figure in Europe to seek safety as best he might upon his own legs." Fortunately for the great commander succour was at hand in the shape of a battalion of his infantry.

In the centre picture the artist shows an escape of a similar nature at the battle of Quatre Bras, when Wellington, mounted on his famous charger Copenhagen, eluded his pursuers by making a tremendous leap over a hedge and over a party of his Highlanders who had taken cover behind it. Thus he put to practical use the riding skill learnt in the hunting field.

WELLINGTON ON COPENHAG

THE CAPTURE OF TOM CRANE BY FRENCH CAVALRYMEN

SPORT AN

Hunting-men on

Wherever the Englishman goes h ingeniously adapting them even in war time his love of the expression. These propensities, so well illustrated in the accompanyin which, together with the letter interesting new volume, entitled Sp *compiled by Captain Lionel Dawso Collins, of Pall Mall.*

During the Peninsular War hu with the British officers behind the Crane was Wellington's huntsman in civil life—and many stories are the occasion depicted on the left he to run away with him, letting his the lines into French territory. He was not held for long.

Over a century later the officers great war enjoyed almost equally being organised with success by th Railston, a Rifleman then comma One day he sandwiched in a hunt raid on the Bulgar lines and the bardment, the quarry taking him at were falling. The hunted hare, into "No-man's-land," where the s "hold hard." It took till nightfal the whips to bring it back to kenne was with his battalion in the fron intermingling of sport and war.

ENHAGEN AT QUATRE BRAS

PIG-STICKING AT ASSAYE IN THE DAYS OF LORD LAKE

Mr. Lionel Edwards' illustration of pig-sticking at Assaye dates from the days of the first Viscount Lake who was Commander-in-Chief in India in the first years of the nineteenth century. "At this time," writes Captain Dawson, "Lake had retained all his love of sport in every form and viewed his officers' participation therein with a sympathetic eye. It is recorded that sooner than stop his officers from enjoying themselves in this respect when off duty, he ordered that they should always be accompanied by a cavalry escort for protection against enemy action when engaged in sporting pursuits away from the army. As the army advanced the officers found themselves in 'fine hog country,' and thanks to the C.-in-C.'s views they had wonderful hunting every day after, or before, operations ended." On one famous occasion an officer named Prester actually drove a pig into the camp, realising the position too late to divert it, and the infuriated animal not only at first eluded its pursuer, but wounded a number of men and sent baggage and equipment in all directions. It was just at the last moment that it was prevented from entering Lord Lake's tent, being run to earth no more than fifty paces from that holy of holies. As it was the warrior (Lake), emerging from the privacy of his tent to see the cause of the commotion, invited the culprit to dine with him; whilst the shattered infantry pulled themselves together, repaired damages, and removed the casualties."

AND WAR

on the Battlefield

oes he takes his sports with him, them to foreign conditions, and of the chase has sometimes found ies, so strange to alien eyes, are panying pictures by Lionel Edwards letterpress, are taken from an tled Sport in War *which has been Dawson and published by Messrs.*

ar hunting was a popular pastime nd the lines of Torres Vedras. Tom tsman—an occupation he followed es are told of his adventures. On left he had allowed his enthusiasm ng his hounds penetrate far across y. He was of course arrested, but

fficers on the Salonika front in the qually adventurous sport, a hunt s by the late Lieut.-Colonel George commanding the Scottish Horse. a hunt between an early morning d the subsequent retaliating bom- him at first behind where the shells hare, however, ran eventually out the shells forced the followers to ightfall to collect the pack and for kennels, by which time the Master he front line. It was a strenuous ar.

HUNTING AT SALONIKA — WAR AND WEATHER PERMITTING

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. S.P., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET LONDON, S.W.1.

FROM A PAINTING BY C. R. W. NEVINSON, R.B.A., R.O.I. N.E.A.C. C.F.H.

CARLYLE'S HOME

The House in Cheyne Row that has Now Passed into the Hands of the National Trust

Drawn by Percy Home

THE LIVING ROOMS AT 24 CHEYNE ROW, AS THEY ARE TO-DAY: An impression of the interior of Carlyle's Chelsea house. A short while ago the deeds of the place were handed over by Professor G. M. Trevelyan to Viscount Esher, representing the National Trust, and it now continues to be maintained as a museum open to the public. The painting over the mantelpiece in the foreground is the work of Robert Tait and depicts Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle at home

CARLYLE'S house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, has just been acquired by the National Trust, which has taken it over from the Carlyle House Memorial Trust. The latter Trust had been founded in 1895 by the friends and admirers of Thomas Carlyle, who had collected the necessary money to purchase the freehold of the little house where the "French Revolution" had been written and which had been the home of the Carlyles for over forty years.

THE ATTIC where the Chelsea sage wrote many of his greatest works and where there are now displayed many interesting relics, including autograph letters

It was in 1834 that the vital decision was made by Thomas Carlyle and Jane to leave Scotland and settle in London. They had been living in the lonely moorland farm of Craigenputtock (bequeathed to Jane by her father, Dr. Welsh) for six years—years of loneliness for Jane, who had no social companions, though it was an exaggeration to call it, as Froude did, "The dreariest spot in all the British dominions." Monetary considerations drove them south. Carlyle had failed to obtain the academic posts he wanted in Scotland and London offered a larger field for a literary man. "Thousands of sillier fellows than I flourish in it," wrote Carlyle—and so off he went to search for a small house. He proved an excellent house hunter, searching zealously in all parts and writing very full descriptions to Jane, who was remaining at Craigenputtock to settle affairs, selling such things as they would not want.

The account he gives of No. 5, Cheyne Row (now numbered 24) is very similar to what might be written to-day except for the view from the back—"green fields and tree avenues"—"leafy regions with here and there a red, high-peaked old roof looking through . . . see nothing of London, except by day the summits of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey." The street has altered little, too, and the house, fortunately, is almost the same save for the alterations made by the Carlyles themselves during their tenancy. One can imagine Jane's housewifely interest as she read among the quiet heather hills the enthusiastic description. "The house itself is eminent, antique, wainscotted to the very ceiling, and has been all new painted and repaired, broadish stair with massive balustrade and as thick as one's thigh, floors firm as a rock, . . . And then as to rooms, Goody! Three storeys, beside the sunk storey, in every one of them three apartments . . . on the whole a most massive, roomy, sufficient old house with places, for example, to hang, say, three dozen hats or cloaks on, and as many crevices and queer old presses and shelved closets as would gratify the most covetous Goody (his pet name for his wife); rent £35! I confess I am strongly tempted."

And so was Mrs. Carlyle—her only fear was the wainscot which might make the house dark. She wrote asking if it were painted.—"If in the original state hardly any number of candles (never to speak of 'only two') will suffice to light it."—No wonder oak panels were painted white though purists of to-day, with electric light at hand, are horrified at such barbarity.

In the end the house in Cheyne Row was decided upon and the Carlyles entered into possession on June 10, 1834. There they spent the remainder of their lives,

THE GARDEN AT CHEYNE ROW was a great joy to Carlyle, and it was there that he found relaxation from mental work in manual labour

the details of which we know so intimately. Both husband and wife were copious writers, their letters to their relatives and friends reflect their passing moods. Jane's letters are a delight—a note of satirical humour enlivens them—and their domestic items reveal to us the whole method of life at No. 5.

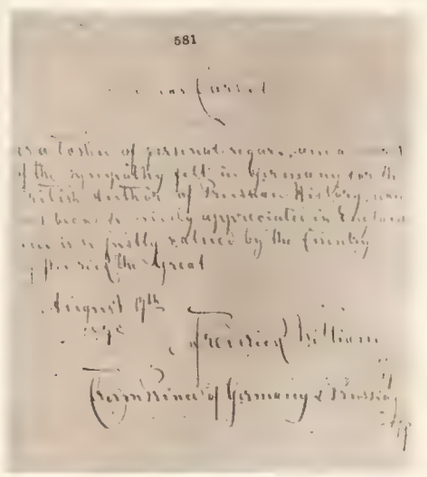
Indeed there is scarcely a house, great or small, about which we know so much. The furniture and how it was arranged, the colour of the curtains; the servants, some of whom were treasures, and others the reverse; the spring cleanings, "domestic earthquakes"; the numerous alterations and their cost—all of these are known to us. So much so that as one goes through the rooms to-day, looking much as they were a hundred years ago, one almost fancies one can hear the rustle of Jane's dress as she busied herself in the house, superintending the work of the young maid.

The Carlyles had come to London with £200, which with the strictest economy, was to last till the new book on the French revolution was written. The disaster which occurred is well known—how the manuscript was lent to John Stuart Mill and was burnt by a thoughtless maid. The awful task of rewriting had to be undertaken, and Scottish pride bent to the extent of accepting from the almost distraught Mill such money as would keep them till the book was finished. From the moment of publication the Carlyles had no fear of poverty. Thomas Carlyle's name was known everywhere—and though for many years they had only a small income, they had sufficient for simple living.

One of their earliest friends in London was Leigh Hunt, who lived round the corner, and who constantly came in for a cup of

(Continued on page 332)

ARRANGED WITH CAREFUL ART: The pictorial screen pasted up by Mrs. Carlyle and thought very highly of by her husband who bequeathed it in his will to his niece



A NOTE FROM THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE, FREDERICK WILLIAM, in praise of Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great." The employment of the word "sympathy" must not be interpreted according to the modern usage

THE UPSTAIRS DRAWING-ROOM which, thanks to the fact that a great deal of the original furniture has been brought back to the house, now looks much as it did in the days of the Carlyles. Two years ago this very setting was reproduced on the stage

"THE LIVING-ROOM AT MIRAMAR": Some of the pupil guests at the seaside "crammer" in the South of France, who provide the entertainment in *French Without Tears*, the comedy by Terence Rattigan which was well received when presented at the Criterion. The play has little or no plot but makes really excellent light after-dinner fare, appealing particularly to the stalls

DRAMA:

WHY muted? If ever there was an unmuted play it is *Muted Strings* at Daly's. In the first place it is all about Beethoven, who was neither mute nor inglorious nor a Milton, and, like the majority of musical and unmusical geniuses, did not (save as an artist) know much about restraint.

Also the romance is laid on in loud though effective colours. This is no adverse criticism, for it is the only way to treat this type of biological drama. Parnell one week and Beethoven the next, and, doubtless, plenty more to come, all of 'em stewing in sentimentality—and very nice, too, particularly for the box-office. If the reference is to Beethoven's deafness, as I suspect, there is a mix-up of objective and subjective. The world was mute for him, but he himself was the less mute on that account.

The last Beethoven play I saw, which was at His Majesty's Theatre, *consule* Beerbohm Tree, was of quite a different type. Beethoven-Beerbohm was shown in the actual throes of composition, dotting down bits of the Ninth Symphony in a note-book. These were immediately played on the orchestra and it was rather silly.

In *Muted Strings* the composer is never in the throes of composing, his music being taken for granted. But he is very much in the throes of love and of natural anxiety about his physical infirmities. By which it may be inferred that the play is a sad one.

Its hero brought much of the sadness on himself. Having fallen in love with the beautiful Giulietta Guicciardi in the middle of a piano lesson, and having noted that his love is returned, he promptly turns the poor girl down with the explanation that he must devote his life to his music. Why he shouldn't have had both I cannot imagine. Wagner did not let women interfere with his devotion to music, and he certainly did not let music interfere with his devotion to women. But that, perhaps, is another story.

After the great renunciation scene we see the man at the height of his triumphs, being visited by royalty in the ante-room of a concert hall, deafer and more irritable, and urged by his friends to eat "a plate of Limburger cheese" (which can hardly have improved his temper). We also see his consultation with the doctors and the hopelessness of his case conveyed to him by the Princess Lichnowsky in a scene most beautifully played by Miss Isobel Elsom; and an argument with his publisher, which gives a chance for a tantalising short appearance of that fine veteran, Mr. Allan Aynesworth.

Altogether, a play full of romantic interest, even if history wobbles a bit at times. Of course it stands or falls by the actor who plays Beethoven; though if it does the latter it will not be the fault of Mr. Keneth Kent but because, possibly, the whole subject has necessarily, only a limited appeal. Mr. Kent I thought admirable. He looked like Beethoven: he walked and talked and behaved generally as one conceived Beethoven behaved: and he ran over the whole gamut of the emotions from A at any rate to S or T. Recently it will be recalled, he gave a brilliant portrait of Napoleon. I see no reason why Mr. Kent should not go Arlissing about all over the place for years to come.

Miss Jane Baxter played Giulietta with very pretty sincerity.

"Housemaster."—I have not read Mr. Ian Hay's novel of school-life, *Housemaster*, but if it is anything like the play of the same name founded on it and produced at the Apollo Theatre it must surely be the antithesis both of that classic effort, *Eric, or Little by Little* and, at the opposite extreme, of *Stalky & Co.* In short, it is a perfectly credible picture of public school life as it is.

Certain departures and adornment must, of course, be allowed. School life is not an entertainment which anyone would pay to see—and I feel that people will be paying to see this play for quite a while. And since, I believe, no play has ever been successful without a certain number of young women in it, the author has put this point to rights. Housemasters all over the country doubtless have pretty nieces; but they are not allowed to entangle themselves in the life of the school as do Miss Joan White, Miss Rosalyn Boulter, and Miss Elizabeth Nolan. And nocturnal cocktail-parties, for both sexes, in a bedroom are, to say the least, improbable.

None the less, here is a human story as well as a most amusing one and caricature is almost entirely avoided. The simple yarn of ousting a detestable and tactless prig of a headmaster and putting a popular housemaster in his place would have lost its force had that headmaster been merely a grotesque, as is the fashion with stage headmasters. The academic-cum-clerical system at its worst can, and actually does, produce creatures of the type shown by Mr. P. Kynaston Reeves. Mr. Reeves makes this thin-lipped pest an unforgettable figure, and we might have seen a little more of him, above all in the last act, which is somewhat spoiled by long and irrelevant sentimentalities. In the perverted way in which one is apt to prod an agonising tooth, one wanted the author to pile on the pain caused by the presence of the foul Mr. Reeves—in, of course, the pursuit of his duties as the Rev. Edmund Ovington.

The happy ending is reached by the promotion of the Rev. Edmund to the Suffragan Bishopric of Outer London—"you know, all that part round the North Circular Road." Which would suggest that the North Circular Road is a route to be avoided in future.

Mr. Frederick Leister, having played in the past a number of smallish parts immaculately, caused me no suprise by giving an equally immaculate performance in the title-role. He rarely leaves the stage, but not for an instant does one weary of this housemaster, a most human and lovable person.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan had a part of which she could make nothing. That was not the fault of this clever

FLIRTATION AND ROMANCE: *Left*—Diana Lake (Kay Hammond), the designing hussy, has temporarily enslaved Lieut.-Commander Rogers (Roland Culver). *Right*—Kit Neilan (Robert Flemyng) and Jacqueline Maingot (Jessica Tandy) are thoroughly smitten with each other, and a box of dropped cigarettes provides ample excuse for a little by-play. Two more episodes from *French Without Tears*

AN AWKWARD INTERLUDE: While Kenneth Lake (Trevor Howard) and Brian Curtis (Guy Middleton) look on, the Hon. Alan Howard (Rex Harrison) attempts to part Kit Neilan (Robert Flemyng) and Lieut.-Commander Rogers (Roland Culver) who are plainly anxious to get to grips—all because of a woman, the designing Diana Lake who has them both in thrall. A dramatic moment in *French Without Tears*

History "Wobbles a Bit" in "Muted Strings": Ian Hay's Credible Picture of Public School Life

By PHILIP PAGE

and long-popular actress but the fault of the part itself, which is one of the play's few weak spots. Mr. H. G. Stoker put in some excellent touches as one of the school's governors; Mr. J. H. Roberts was an assistant master of the learnedly sarcastic brand (and how well one knows the brand!); and Mr. John Ford, Mr. Humphrey Morton, and others all helped to convey exactly the right atmosphere, as does Mr. Aubrey Hammond's admirable scenery.

It only remains for Mr. Hammond to design an Old Apollonian's tie.

"Libelled Lady" (Film).—The new film at the Empire is all about a libel action brought against a newspaper, the claim for damages being £250,000. It is likely to be enjoyed by everyone except editors.

For my part I enjoy any film in which Miss Jean Harlow appears, for the excellent reason that she is a thundering good actress. We have usually seen her as the tough gangsters' moll, platinum blonde to the *n*th type. Although no film star can do that sort of thing better, it is good to see her doing something else and doing it remarkably well. She is still tough—but she leavens the toughness with some genuine burlesque and she makes people laugh a lot.

Fundamentally I believe Miss Harlow to be a comedienne, a quality which will last her longer than the curves and the physical allure, not that there are as yet signs of diminution in either.

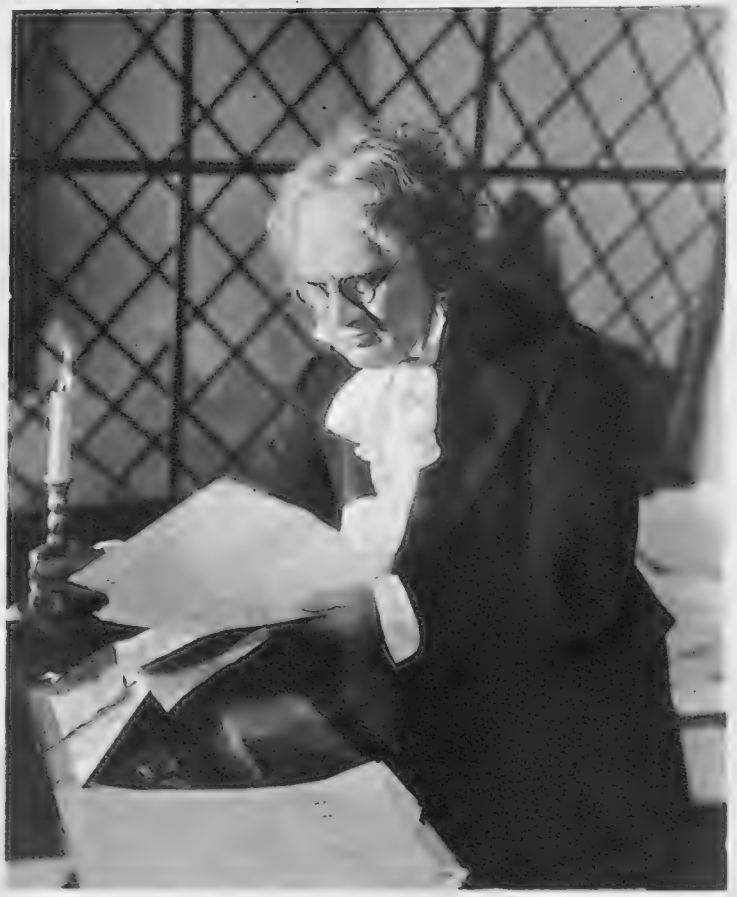
Mr. William Powell as her husband, Miss Myrna Loy as the girl who claims the damages, and Mr. Spencer Tracy all show the practised hand in an oddly mingled atmosphere of newspaper "shop" and bigamy. But it is Miss Harlow's scoop.

"As You Like It."—After Miss Elisabeth Bergner's screen Rosalind, the Rosalind of Miss Edith Evans at the Old Vic.

My admiration for Miss Evans is profound, yet this is not a part for which I would have cast her. I was glad, however, to have the opportunity of seeing her Rosalind, if only for its complete originality, though it has other good qualities. It is a performance which is brilliantly artificial and that surely is not Shakespeare's heroine at all. What it lacks in simplicity and buoyancy it makes up for in elegance and graceful wit.

A PLAY THAT HAS CHARMED LONDON: Mrs. Bennet (Barbara Everest) and her three girls Elizabeth (Celia Johnson), Joan (Dorothy Hyson), and Lydia (Leuceen Macrath), in *Pride and Prejudice*. Helen Jerome's dramatised version of Jane Austen's classic which is nearing the end of a long and successful run at the St. James's Theatre. This particularly delightful setting, with its realistic glimpse of park-like grounds beyond the windows, was devised by the artist, Rex Whistler

On right — "NO, NO, ORLANDO; MEN ARE APRIL WHEN THEY WOO, DECEMBER WHEN THEY WED": Rosalind (Edith Evans) and Orlando (Michael Redgrave) in the production of *As You Like It* at the Old Vic



THE MASTER OF MUSICAL HARMONY: Keneth Kent in his remarkable make-up for the part of Beethoven in Arthur Watkyn's play *Muted Strings* which presents an interesting though romantic picture of the great genius. *On left*—Beethoven introduces his brother (George Woodbridge), to Count Guicciardi (A. Scott Gatty) and the Countess of Thun (Isobel Elsom)

Mr. James Dale's Jacques had much the same flavour and was hardly less interesting. Miss Eileen Peel, who has given some charming performances in modern plays, tackled as Celia a new line of country and tackled it cleverly. She at least had high spirits. Most of her companions struck me as being far too worldly-wise to be other than pleasantly sophisticated.

"The White Angel" (Film)—The late Capt. Reginald Berkeley wrote a play about Florence Nightingale some years ago which was as near perfection as could be in most matters, above all in the fact that it steered clear of sentimentality. The last quality in the world to be associated with that great woman was sentimentality, which she abhorred throughout her long life, remaining as hard as nails (though not unsympathetic) until the last few years of extreme old age.

Since it seems almost impossible to find treatment by the cinema of any slice of history which does not involve daubing it plentifully with jam, however inaccurate or inappropriate the process, I was not surprised to find *The White Angel* at the Tivoli a sentimental affair. Even the title has quite the wrong flavour. There is, also, far too much prominence given to a rather nasty little boy whose life was saved by Miss Nightingale, though the part is played ably, and the performance is likely to have its financial reward.

At the same time, *White Angel* might have been very much worse. Its sentimentality never descends to mere mawkishness, and Miss Kay Francis in the title-role is both tactful and restrained. She let herself go in a quaint scene towards the close involving a prayer before a portrait of Queen Victoria, used in ecstatic fashion as a sort of ikon.

That was hardly her fault. On the whole she gave a portrait of Miss Nightingale which was as credible as the necessities of film convention allow. The hospital scenes are grimly realistic and show the sordid muddle of that aspect of the Crimean War before "The Lady of the Lamp" appeared with her vital energy, her aggressiveness, and her intensely practical schemes.

And how she would have smiled to find herself described as a "white angel"!

WINTER SPORTS—

THE HOLIDAY par excellence FOR MIND AND BODY

OVER on the far left is an outfit for the young and slender enthusiast. She wears navy trousers of proofed gabardine, lined to the knee with proofed poplin. Woven with Lastex at the ankle, and done up at the sides with zip fasteners, she found them at Harrods for 40s. She has three wind jackets, in white, in scarlet, and in royal Grenfell cloth, each with a matching cap. She paid 45s. each for the jackets, and 12s. 6d. each for the caps. Her fleece lined horsehide mitts, also with matching tops, were the same price, and her very wide webbing belt cost 5s. 6d.

The nonchalant young woman photographed immediately above is as sure of her prowess as she is of her faultless outfit. She follows the new trend for vivid colours, and she got her pillow-box red suit at Burberry's, in the Haymarket. Made of Alpine cloth, which is wind and snow proof, it is very fashion-conscious about the shoulders, which are widened effectively without in any way detracting from the practicability of the jacket; it has a convertible neck, and it is worn with a black polo sweater and a black cap and gloves.

On the left a kindly friend is fixing her skis. Now she has changed her suit for one of navy-proofed serge, with a slick-fitting double-breasted jacket which has a yoke and two pleats at the back. The trousers have elastic at the ankles, and the price was 5½ guineas at Harrods, of Knightsbridge. Her cap (she likes ear-flaps) was 15s. 9d., and her jersey, boldly striped in contrasting colours, cost 59s. 6d. By the way, she has some grand Norwegian wool gloves knitted in fascinating designs in red, white, and blue, 6s. 6d.

Streamlining Comes to the Rescue of

HOLLAND'S WINDMILLS

MIRACULOUS METAMORPHOSIS: The windmill, a feature for centuries inseparable from the Dutch landscape, was a short while ago considered to have outlived its usefulness and of the 6,000 or more mills that once dotted the countryside so picturesquely scarcely 2,000 were left, while these, also, were doomed. But the engineer has now stepped in and saved the situation, applying modern theories of streamlining, and, in so doing, giving the mills three or four times as much power. These two pictures show ancient mills and the streamlined cowlings that have been added to their sails to impart a new efficiency

FITTING THE STREAMLINED COWLING on the sail of a mill in the Friesland region. The curves have been carefully calculated in order to give the very maximum efficiency in taking advantage of every breath of wind to drive the mill wheel

A PROBLEM IN AERODYNAMICS: Experts experimenting with models when engaged in working out the most effective method of streamlining sails

A New Lease of Life

Artists, who have always found Holland such a happy hunting ground when in search of the picturesque, will be relieved to hear that the old windmills are being given a new lease of life, but it is not a little paradoxical that they should owe this happy circumstance to the efforts of the engineer who is perhaps more often regarded in the light of a destroyer rather than of a preserver of the beautiful. The first results of this great experiment in streamlining have been markedly successful, and windmills in many parts of the land are once again fulfilling their original function of furnishing energy at low cost.

A NEW AUXILIARY MILL designed to give increased power to an old mill nearby. This idea was eventually abandoned in favour of streamlining

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE ENGLISH WARSHIPS BEFORE LA ROCHELLE: An etching by J. Callot of the famous siege of 1628 when the place was taken by Cardinal Richelieu after an effort lasting thirteen months and in face of the Earl of Lindsay's attempt to relieve it with the British fleet. One of many beautifully produced illustrations in *Three Sea Journals of Stuart Times*, a volume just issued by Messrs. Constable in a first edition limited to only five hundred copies

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

A WRITER has but to achieve a reputation in his life-time or, as in the case under review, after he is dead, for there to begin a posthumous raking of literary dust-bins for something more to publish. Loving hands gather up the fragments that remain, heedless of the fact that most of them were unpublished for the very good reason that the author himself had discarded them as unworthy. Posthumous publications of this sort usually serve only to confuse a contemporary judgment, difficult enough to focus in any case.

Therefore I approached PHŒNIX: THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE (Heinemann. 21s.) with some reserve. Whether you agree or not that Lawrence was "the one authentic genius of his generation" he has certainly been one of the most discussed. Alive, he was always at the forefront of a battle of his own making; dead, he has become the subject of foolish eulogies and equally foolish attacks.

Phœnix, I was surprised and glad to find, is no literary rag-bag. In fact I am not sure that it may not turn out to be the most important of D. H. Lawrence's books. There are fragments in it, but they are illuminating and important. A great deal has been rescued from the ephemerality of journalism, and certain pieces are of a size and shape which precluded contemporary publication.

It must be remembered that D. H. Lawrence was a man who lived by his pen. He was never a "popular" writer, and he died in poverty. He was always at work, because he had to be. In this volume, therefore, will be found essays and prefaces, literary criticism, bits of stories and travel-sketches, as well as papers on ethics, painting, religion, education, and other subjects which caught his bright attention.

Skilful and unobtrusive editing has made of this mass of material—there are nearly 900 pages—an organic whole, assisted, of course, by Lawrence's consistency of thought. It is curious here to find the old challenges flung out afresh, the passionate hammering, with every artifice and magnificence of individual style, at issues already won. Much that Lawrence fought for has passed into the record of accepted things. He dates, but he dates only because his pen is silent in death, yet that part of his philosophy is radiantly alive; his attackers silent in oblivion.

His literary standards, more vulnerable, are revealed in the book reviews here reprinted. The paper on Galsworthy reveals a temperamental and spiritual opposition. He, who fought for fulfilment in human relationships, could not tolerate Galsworthy's humanitarianism, nor could ne restrain his gift for vicious caricature. In the essay on Thomas Hardy his enemies will find the most vulnerable of all pronouncements concerning his own work. In the light of recent political drift the world over, he is perhaps at his most dangerous in the paper on "The Education of the People." Did he realise the latent dynamite with which he was there playing?

Yet, if nothing else, this volume proclaims one thing, and that is that his principal value was poetic. He is a poet in the larger as well as the expressional sense. This doesn't mean that he was a craftsman in verse or that he wrote "poetic" prose; it means above all that his writing had a third dimension where, as he would put it, things were "quick." *Phœnix* reveals enough of this phase of Lawrence to be fairly representative of him. Most of his writing has a running fire of poetry running through it, and this is found most effectively where it is most pure. Since this is a volume of prose it can be explained that Lawrence wrote some of the greatest prose in English, and some of it is in this book.

No number of female obituarists, no niggling, sneering, gossip paragraphists, nor theatrical journalists masquerading as critics can remove one cubit from his stature as a poet. He who can read *The Ship of Death* without realising that he is in the presence of great poetry had better throw away his *Golden Treasury*. Re-read *The Man Who Died* and you will learn something of new influences, already apparent, in the literature of to-day.

"Others may use the ocean
as their road;
Only the English make it their
abode."

as a poet once wrote with more smugness than accuracy. And only the English, it is natural enough to add, have such a rich and vast store of sea literature. For generations, in fact for hundreds of years, countrymen of ours have written and sung of the sea. Sailors have kept their amazing little diaries in the midst of unbelievable discomfort and hardship, and distinguished travellers, safely back on land, have written of their awe-inspiring and harrowing experiences with a wealth of erudition, from which a heaving deck had latterly distracted them.

The simplest stories of the simplest men, against that background of beauty and squalor, terror and exaltation which is the sea's, inevitably take on a sense of drama, and the balder the story, the greater the incentive to imagination. This is so in the case of a fascinating book which was published last week. In THREE SEA JOURNALS OF STUART TIMES (Constable 30s.) the first and shortest of the diaries is written by a naval officer of the days of Charles I, and is a detailed, unsentimental account of the famous but inglorious relief expedition to La Rochelle, which was being besieged by the forces of Louis XIII.

This attempt failed, in spite of two assaults, and the *pallisado*, which seemed to Dawtrey Cooper impregnable, prevented the English navy from entering the harbour. Within a month the English ships had sailed for home, though even on that journey misfortune dogged them, and in the equinoctial gales many of their ships were hopelessly battered and lost. Finally after more than a fortnight at sea they came "at evening prayer time . . . to an anchor in Portsmouth Harbour. God be thanked."

It was during this expedition that some of the first sea mines or "floating engines" were used. These were "machines made of tin and filled with gunpowder; they were fitted with a spring which acted on touching any solid body, and exploded the contrivance." These were not an unmitigated success, as many of them failed to burst, and floated helplessly round among the ships, two of them being taken up and "presented to the French King and Cardinal which their engineers made use of."

Jeremy Roch's five journals naturally have a far greater scope and cover the years from 1659 to 1691, in the course of which he voyaged in many ships, and took an extremely active part in the second Dutch War. He, like Dawtrey Cooper, was a naval officer, though of a coarser fibre than that precise and observant man. He was in fact a real fire-eater, and served with the famous Sir Frescheville Holles. He was at his side in the Four Days' Battle of 1666, and gave proof of his undeniable courage as he fought on with "our ship cruelly shattered, our Commander's arm shot off, fifty-five of our men killed and near so many more wounded, our masts, sails, and rigging all in tatters, our deck dyed with blood like a slaughter-house."

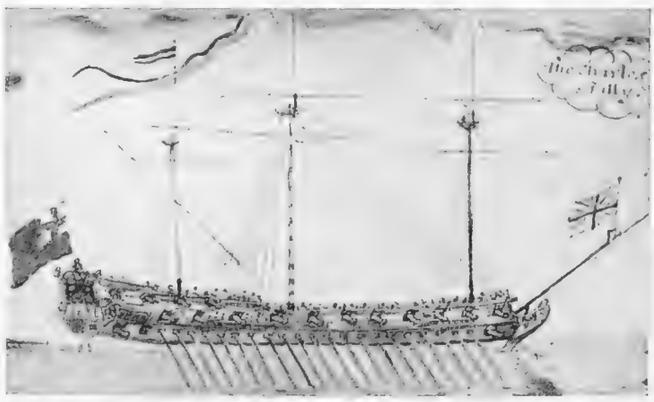
Jeremy Roch was not, if we are to believe his own diary, a diffident man in any situation, and he tells us that it was at his suggestion, during a personal audience, that our Dutch king William decided to make Devonport a royal dockyard. He was bold, quick-tempered, and arrogant; that much is easy to read between the lines, witness the occasion on which he coaxed a number of unfriendly, jeering critics on board, and having them at his mercy, lashed them to a gun and gave them a taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails. There is more than a touch of the martinet too, in the following entry, in which he complains of an unsatisfactory subordinate. "This was the second affront," he writes, "I received by my lieutenant's ignorance and pride."

An ill man to cross, perhaps, but an inimitable one to read. He is responsible too, for some delightful coloured drawings of the ships in which he served, and for some astrological diagrams which, whatever their intention, are of great decorative value. The reproduction of these, as well as of the French and Dutch ship paintings and seascapes has been done, not only with great technical skill, but with a very fine sense of their artistic rightness, and they are one of the chief beauties of the book which is in itself a very enviable possession.

The journal of Francis Rogers, the third of the collection, differs from the others in being the story of a merchant seaman, and having no bearing on naval history, but for all that it is perhaps the most readable of them all. Francis Rogers set out in December, 1701, on a voyage to the East Indies "being bound for Mocha in the Red Sea or Gulph of Arabia," and his homely account, much concerned with native customs and the habits of the strange fish and stranger animals he came across, makes enchanting reading.

While in the Red Sea he has occasion to write of the death of the ship's cook, and two days later we find this entry: "This morning ten or twelve sharks hankered about the ship for such another meal, they having met with the poor greasy cook." A realist, but a human one, and in the course of his travels to be sorely tried with "musketoes, which are very troublesome here anights, both by their singing and biting."

For the records of these three diarists, and for the unforgettable picture they give us of their times, we must be grateful to Mr. Bruce Ingram, whose wise discrimination and brilliant editorship have given us this very distinguished book. In his valuable introduction Mr. Ingram declares, with a scholar's modesty, that he is "incompetent to be the sponsor of this volume." I can safely predict that that is an opinion which none of his readers will hold, and that Dawtrey Cooper, Jeremy Roch, and Francis Rogers—"my cronies," as Mr. Ingram calls them—would never have been as ably or as sympathetically treated in other hands.



"JEREMY ROCH'S OWN DRAWING OF 'THE CHARLES GALLY' HE COMMANDED IN 1688": Another illustration from *Three Sea Journals of Stuart Times*, a volume containing the diaries of Dawtrey Cooper, of the *Pelican*; of Jeremy Roch, a captain in the Restoration period; and Francis Rogers, a London merchant who visited India and the West Indies. The book is full of fascinating and little known material

Mr. James Agate wrote a book, some of which was autobiography, the rest filled out with pages of a diary, bits and pieces about the theatre and communications from his friends, and he called it *Ego*.

EGO 2 (Gollancz. 18s.) continues the mixture as before, this time variously described as a second instalment of a contemporary diary and as more autobiography, and containing a generous dash of letters from the author's friends and relations, together with a review, in its entirety, of *Ego* by Miss Rebecca West.

For a modest eighteen bob we thus may learn what Mr. Agate did from August 7, 1934, until June 24, 1936; how many words he wrote in six days; how many times he moved; how much it cost to furnish his bungalow; in how many strokes he went round golf courses; how many ponies he bought; how many prizes they won; how many times he felt ill; how his secretary "ghosted" for him; how the aforesaid secretary became a dramatic critic (with samples of his work); and how the quantity as well the quality of Miss Bergner's acting worries him.

This England . . .

Moorland scene in Yorkshire.

WILD are the dales and fells of these northern moors, with nought but the wheeling curlews for company in a day's march or more. Hard crusted and warm hearted are the folk of the Ridings, as different as may be in speech and temper from the men of the south, and . . . essentially English. English in their sturdy independence, in their love of things well made in the "customary" way. That good ale should be among these is natural in a hard-living people, and of ales, Worthington they qualify as "jannock."

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DANGEROUS CURVE RECONSTRUCTION: The London-bound motorist when coming over the crest of Gorse Hill, part of the London to Maidstone road, saw in front of him what seemed a wide easy descent to the Farningham bypass. A little way down, however, an awkward curve developed, which, with the drop of the camber, drew the car over to the right, so that it ended up broadside on to, say, an up-coming bus

UPHILL VIEW: Looking up Gorse Hill with the reconstruction work in progress. According to a police estimate fifty people have been killed and about 200 injured at this spot during the last five years

THE PETROL WORLD

ON THE ROAD WITH A HILLMAN MINX

And Other Matters of Interest to Motorists

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

FOR quite a long time I have noticed with intense interest various examples of the Hillman Minx on the road. Each specimen impressed me with the way it travelled along and it appeared to me that in spite of being a comparatively small car it showed a performance that would warrant one's imagining that it possessed a very large engine. Fortune favoured me a week or two ago when the Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., placed a Minx Magnificent at my disposal. I was further lucky in having it for a couple of days when my other arrangements permitted me to give it a good testing over a considerable distance. The car lent to me was an attractive saloon finished in a bright colour and very completely equipped. On looking at the catalogue I find that the car I drove is priced at only £175. Before I go into any details of its performance I must confess that I am quite astounded that such a nice looking, efficient car can be produced by the British motor industry to sell at such a ridiculously low figure. The makers are to be congratulated on an almost embarrassing success.

The power unit is a four-cylinder engine just over 1 litre in capacity and the yearly tax works out at £7 10s. The engine is a smooth running unit throughout its entire range of revolutions. I notice from the specification that the crankshaft is supported in three bearings which shows that such refinements as smoothness have not been sacrificed in order to keep the price down to its lowest limit. The gear-box provides four speeds forward, all gears being synchronised; another example that the car has not been built to a low price limit. I could find many other points which would provide further proof that a really nice car was the object behind the manufacturers rather than to sell to the public a vehicle at the lowest figure.

On the road I found that the car had a surprising amount of pep, and that considering the size of the engine the gear-box was not much used. The controls are all conveniently placed, the seats being comfortable make the driver's journey a pleasant one. It sounds almost absurd, but it is perfectly true that on more than one occasion the speedometer needle got up to the 70 m.p.h. mark; even then the car was easy to control and held the road remarkably well. Acceleration also was decidedly useful, but naturally the gear-box has to be used to produce the desired effect. I found the gear-box quite above the average, and that the synchro-mesh worked well, which is not always the case. The steering was pleasant, the suspension good, and the brakes effective. On top of all this the car gives its owner a thoroughly roomy body, excellent visibility, and easy ingress and egress. One small point pleased me quite a lot, and that was the ingenious method of illuminating the very attractively grouped instruments. By pulling a small lever the light could be brought up from the dimmest of glimmers to really bright illumination. Honestly, I cannot understand how a car of this nature can be produced at the price and yet presumably show a profit to its makers. Anyway, the Hillman Motor Car Company are to be congratulated on their success.

It is now almost a year since I last had a radio set fitted to my car. The long interval when I have been without one may not be occasioned by my dislike of them, but merely on account of the fact that I change my car every year and when I come to sell my discarded vehicle I find that a wireless set on board does not enhance its selling price perceptibly. The Marconiphone Company told me, however, that they could fit one to my present car in such a way that it could be transferred when I changed vehicles, and that when it was removed there would be no unsightly holes or marks to disturb the new owner of the car. Having received this assurance one was fitted and I have now enjoyed it for a matter of six weeks. I have had other car radios and I have heard sets on many of my friends' cars but none of them appears to me to be quite so pleasant as this latest Marconiphone. I am not surprised that it is good because during a long and varied experience with ordinary household wireless I have never found anything to better those to which the name Marconi has been attached. The company themselves fitted my car and that in itself rather surprised me because it is not the usual custom for the makers of car radios to undertake the actual fitting. Personally, I think that is the right course to adopt as the results obtained from wireless on a car depend far more on the fitting of the set than is the case with the usual household instrument. The fitting was carried out very neatly and I was delighted to find that no suppressors on the sparking plugs had been added.

My own experience is that the average engine does not take too kindly to suppressors and so it is a great advantage to be able to do without them. The quality of the reproduction, the number of stations obtained, and the selectivity of the set are quite above the average. It is also nice to be able to get in the long wave stations and to be able to alter the tone of the loudspeaker. A refinement which was of great utility in my case is the fitting of a dimming device to the illumination on the station dial. Until I found that I could dim the light in question I was certainly bothered by the reflection from the windscreen during the hours of darkness and I was just on the point of having a shield fitted when I accidentally discovered that by rotating the chromium plated rim around the dial I could cut the illumination down to almost zero.

For about five years I have had the same fog-lamp fitted to each of the cars I have owned during that period, but when I sold my Bentley I did not remove it, because it would have left an unsightly hole in the front apron. I therefore had a look round and obtained a new one, and as there are many on the market I was at a loss to know which to select until I remembered testing a car last winter which had a Notek fog-lamp fitted to it. As a matter of fact the manufacturers of this lamp had asked me to try one, but having my own fitted I did not feel like taking off one and substituting another, particularly as my own was astoundingly good. My Ford V8, however, had to have a fog-lamp, and so a Notek was purchased, and I have now tried it in foggy conditions.

There is no getting away from it, it does its job and does it so well that I find I can travel so much faster than other people that I am continually being forced to overtake them, a proceeding which is never too pleasant in a fog. I would, however, much prefer this disadvantage, if I may term it such, than experience that dreadful feeling of being completely lost and not knowing one's position on the road. Whilst talking about fog, it is surprising the number of people who will tack themselves on behind a car and yet keep their head lamps blazing. They do not seem to appreciate that their lights are a greater hindrance to the driver in front than they are to themselves when they are endeavouring to go forward on their own.

IN AN OLD-WORLD SETTING: An M.G. 2-litre four-door saloon which has a 6-cylinder engine, seen near All Souls College, Oxford

One of the most familiar figures on the streets of London is the taxi-driver, who seems to be always on duty day and night. That he does occasionally take a day off is now evident from the fact that some seventy-five London taxi-men have just visited the Austin Works at Longbridge, where 75 per cent. of the new London taxi-chassis are manufactured. The visitors made an extensive tour of the factory, which now employs over 19,000 workers, and evinced particular interest in the huge engine test section, which verifies 33,000 brake horsepower weekly in testing Austin engines, an activity of special importance to such a constant user as the taxi-driver.

LONDON TO ISTANBUL: The trans-continental motor road leading from London via Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and Sofia to Istanbul is rapidly nearing completion. Motorists already have an uninterrupted route consisting of first-class roads to the Hungarian-Yugoslav frontier. On the left is a view taken on the Hungarian section of the road leading to Vienna, and on the right is the recently opened section from Budapest to the Balaton Lake

A good drink tastes better when the syphon says...

★ **Schweppes Soda Water** is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

"'MID THE DEEP SKY'S COMMOTION": The four pictures shown here were taken in a space of forty seconds near Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, when a westerly gale was blowing. They reveal almost cinematographically how rapidly a cloud changes, and with what beautiful effects the transformation is accompanied. *Left*—A vast mass of black cumulus approaches and (*above*) swiftly blots out the sun which continues, though obliquely, to shed its light over the surrounding countryside

THE MAJOR MASS OF THE CLOUD HAS NOW BROKEN OFF, leaving a beautifully shaped screen against the glory of the November sky

FORTY SECONDS IN the life of AN AUTUMN CLOUD

A Symphony in Four Movements

THE LAST SCENE OF ALL: The remnant of cloud has in its turn passed and the sun bursts through. Away to the west, though, more trouble is piling up

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THE HOSPITAL OF THE FUTURE

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Only **£250,000** remains to be found.

Westminster Hospital is removing to a site where **space, light** and **quiet** can be obtained.

Special features which will be included are—

1 **Noise Proof Construction.**
2 Precautions against attack by air in time of War.
3 **No waiting** for out-patients.
4 Separate **Surgeries** for minor and severe casualties.
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More details will be found in our illustrated brochure "The Shape of Things to Come."

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The rebuilding programme of Westminster Hospital was launched with the approval and good wishes of our then President, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

It is our earnest hope that His Majesty The King, Our Royal Patron, will see the success of the scheme assured in his Coronation Year. To this end will you give us your help, generously and at once?

Contributions will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurers, Westminster Hospital, London, S.W.1.

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Patrons: H.M. The King, H.M. Queen Mary, H.R.H. Princess Louise.
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Vice-Chairman: Lieut.-Col. H. C. Bulkeley, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Rytad

THE OLD MILL AT WEST BLATCHINGTON, near Hove, is built above outhouses and is the only one of the kind in Sussex. It lies in a district that is undergoing rapid building development, and a short while ago it was thought that it might have to be demolished to make way for an arterial road. Eventually ways and means were found to grant the place a reprieve, and it is to be hoped it will continue for a long while to come as an ornament to the landscape. The mill has not been worked for thirty years, but in its heyday it drove a threshing machine housed in an adjoining barn. In earlier times smuggled goods were stored there

LEFT-HANDEDNESS

A Characteristic, its Causes, and its Consequences

TAKE the would-be telephone girl, and commiserate with her. If she cannot write "easily and legibly" with the right hand her application will not be considered. Clerical workers, too, share in her fate, while the other callings, such as engineering, bookbinding, cabinet-work, piano-making, sewing and even hair-dressing insist on dextrality—or, speaking more liberally, the use of the right hand.

What really constitutes left-handedness? There are in fact so many anomalies in modern life that one begins to have doubts on the subject. In England we drive to the left, in almost every other country the right is the rule of the road; men button their clothes on one side, women on the reverse; housemaids, too, prefer the draining-board on the left side of the sink, as they habitually hold the plate in the left hand while washing with the right and can so dispose of it the easier.

But 96 per cent. of the population can't be wrong—for this is the percentage of folk lucky enough to be right-handed. Everything is in their favour—even tradition and its pictures of the Stone Age which depict the axe, club, and spear held in the right hand.

The Arabs in their wealth of proverbs have a saying to the effect that the left-handed man carries the devil in his right. This, perhaps, had its effect on our civilisation of scarcely a quarter of a century ago when professors, educational authorities, and others who held the destiny of the nation in their hands sought vigorously to cast the same devil out of the right hand by putting it to useful and dextrous employment. The boy or girl who wrote the "wrong way" was made to trace his characters with the right hand, and fear of scorn, impositions, or the whip drove him to dextrality—but often with dire results.

Limb, sinew, muscle, nerve, and brain are linked in one harmonious sequence—even in left-handed people; and so if these misguided folk are to be converted some drastic readjustment in the brain is necessary. Sometimes, however, such readjustment is attended with unhappy results.

It has been scientifically established that the left part of the brain controls the right side of the body and that the converse is equally true. In the same part of the brain, moreover, is vested the motive force governing the power of speech. In attempting to stimulate in the left-handed the use of the opposite link it is not surprising perhaps that in some cases they acquire this only at the cost of stammering.

Ideas in medical or semi-medical subjects seem from one year to another particularly prone to change. All manner of prophets, professional or quasi-professional, arise to correct this or that fault or effect some improvement in the unfortunate human. A few years ago the left-handed child was vigorously encouraged to acquire dextrality; later on public interest turned towards ambidexterity and even a Society was formed for its promotion. Ambidexterity, however, according to a medical authority in the L.C.C., is not regarded as something whose acquisition is either necessary, useful, or even feasible. In fact, the person who might acquire 100 per cent. ambidexterity he compares somewhat naively to the donkey which, equidistant between two bunches of hay does not know which one to nibble first. The deliberation with which one instinctively stretches out the right hand to perform this or that operation is, he says, an intrinsic and necessary characteristic.

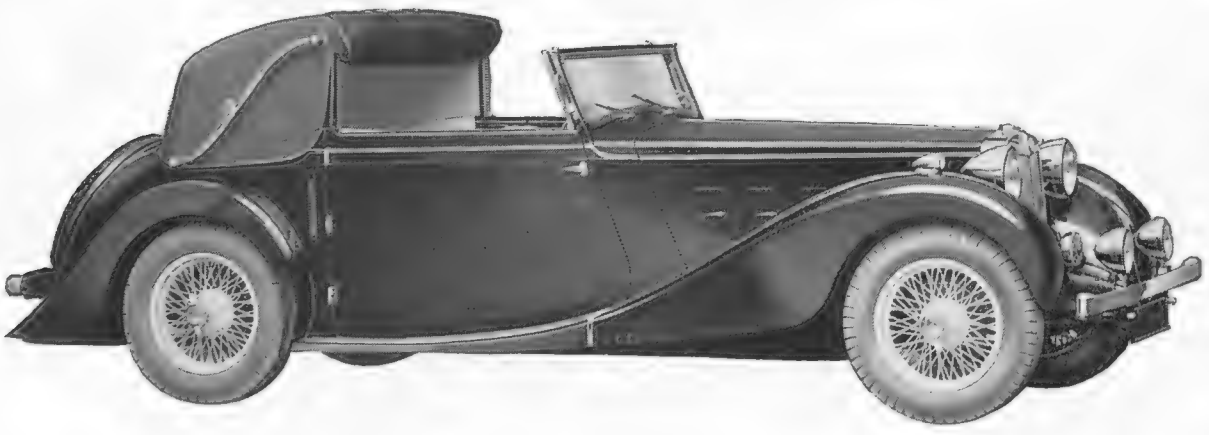
Future generations of left-handers will probably, however, be left unmolested, for the weight of medical opinion is now against coercing right-handedness. Perhaps the danger of stammering, or the fact of their being, according to one authority, sometimes prone to epilepsy, may be the reason for this compassion. At any rate it is pointed out in no uncertain terms that "school hygienists are agreed that there certainly should be no attempt to make children right-handed by means of punishment or ridicule." So maybe there will be a chance still for the shop assistant who writes her bill with the left hand. She is probably, in any case, quite as honest and hard-working as her right-handed sister.

In one phase, however, industry has a good word to say about left-handers. In a northern area an employer of sewing machinists says that his best workers are left-handed, but their training presents difficulties.

TWO MG LITRE

'Safety Fast'

A REAR-ADMIRAL WRITES . . . *Your Two-Litre has cured me of at least one inferiority complex. I had practically decided to give up driving—too many other fellows on the road, and I was out of touch with modern traffic conditions. But my wife persuaded me to try her new Two-Litre, and with great circumspection I did so. I don't need to tell you what a fast and lively car it can be. What I found so surprising was the way in which I got the "feel" of the car at once. Within five minutes of taking the wheel I was driving with absolute confidence.*



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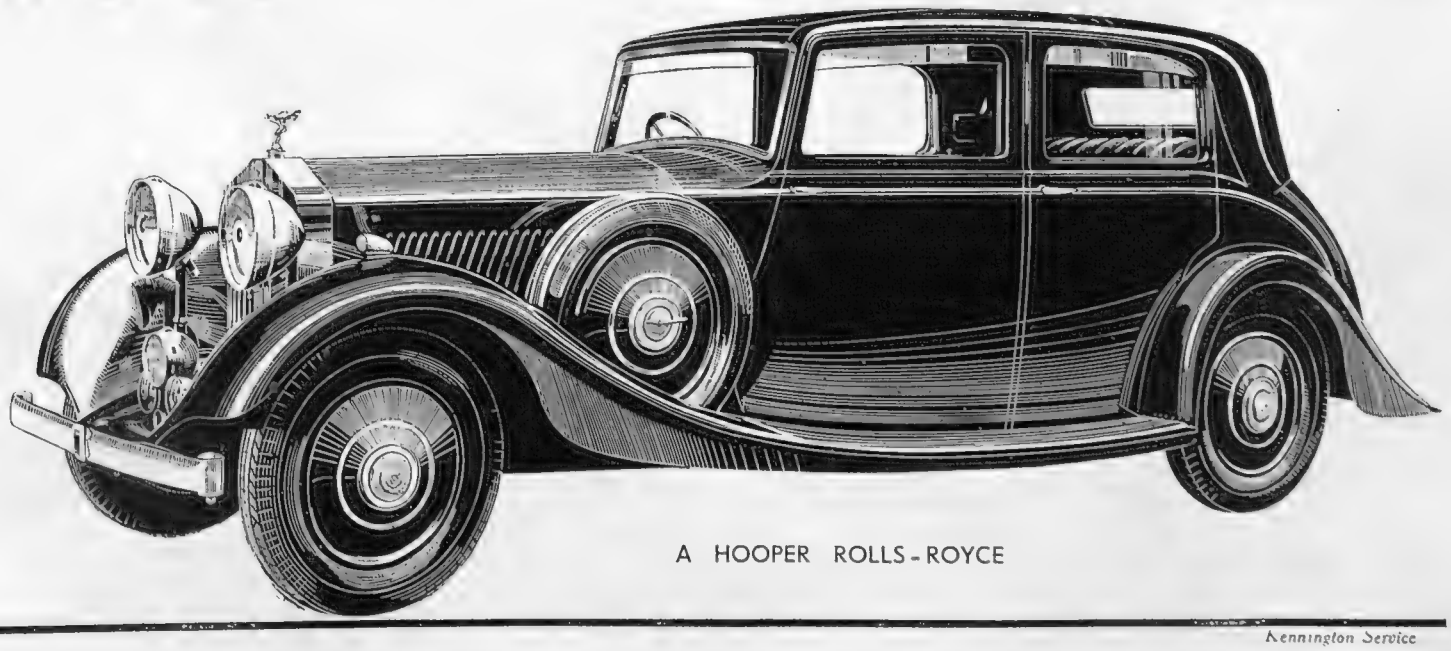

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WHILE Europe is beginning to button up its overcoat in preparation for the Winter, South Africa is revelling in the brightness of lovely summer days.

It is a sound idea to go there now and enjoy the bodily comfort of warmth and sunshine and the spiritual elevation that comes from visiting new scenes and seeing new customs.

In South Africa you will find abundant opportunity for favoured pastimes and pursuits. Golf, angling, riding, racing may be enjoyed under well-nigh perfect conditions and there is a host of new experiences to add zest to the day's pleasure.

Full particulars may be obtained from the Tourist Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

Visit

SOUTH AFRICA

CONTINUATIONS

THE AIRPORT OF LONDON *(Continued from page 308)*

may then enter the controlled zone unless ordered to do so by the Croydon control.

Machines without wireless must land outside the zone and ask permission by telephone from Croydon to enter it. Machines with wireless are kept outside the zone, if necessary at different heights and positions, and are given a turn for landing. All aeroplanes are brought into the zone in strict rotation and when those in front of a particular plane have landed the control officer instructs it to enter the zone. This control system has been brought into force because of the great increase of traffic on the routes, and so that in thick weather incoming and outgoing machines may land and take off from Croydon without fear of collision.

As befits the Airport of London, main terminal of the Continental air services and the Empire air routes, Croydon is the best equipped airport in the Empire. To provide for the night services which now operate regularly to and from the Continent the Air Ministry has recently installed a most up-to-date lighting system and in this respect Croydon is believed to have the best equipment in the world.

The installation includes a red neon flashing aerodrome beacon which in clear weather can be seen for over 60 miles. Though visible at such long distance it is not dazzling at close range and gives a distinctive red glow in mist or haze. The aerodrome boundary is picked out with winking orange lights mounted on posts which have a weak link in their construction so that if a machine should overrun and collide with one of them the weak link will give way.

An illuminated wind direction indicator shows pilots which way to land, and this swings automatically with the direction of the wind. In accordance with the wind direction for landing the control officer will switch on two or possibly three of the eight fixed floodlights which are placed at intervals round the landing area. Each of them delivers about 1,000,000 candle power, spreads the light through about 150 deg. and lights an area of about 4,500,000 sq. ft. Special reflectors had to be designed so as to light as large an area as possible and yet prevent any excess of light from going upwards and dazzling pilots circling the aerodrome preparatory to landing. These floodlights give ample light for landing even the fastest of modern air liners.

Croydon has yet another aid to safe night flying for use in conditions of fog or haze. This is an illuminated line 1,100 ft. long laid across the aerodrome in the direction in which machines must take off and land when there is no wind, for that is a condition in which fog usually occurs. This fog landing and taking off strip is the only one of its kind in the world and is made up of 30 ft. lengths of neon tubing sunk below ground level under strong glass covers. Pilots arriving and departing in foggy weather take off and land along this strip, the red light from which gives them their correct line when no landmarks ahead can be seen.

Like a seaport Croydon has its harbour dues and dock charges which help to pay for the running of the airport. Every machine which lands has to pay a landing fee depending on its maximum permissible weight as authorised on its Certificate of Airworthiness. A machine with a maximum permissible weight of 1,200 lb. pays 2s. 6d. for each landing or £2 10s. per month. For the latter payment it may land forty times paying for extra landings pro rata. The scale rises until we find that a machine with maximum permissible weight of 30,000 lb. has to pay £2 5s. per landing. **C. D. Palmer**

CARLYLE'S HOME *(Continued from page 319)*

tea and a talk. The description Carlyle gives of Hunt's untidy household is almost identical with that of Dickens, who portrayed it in *Bleak House*. Mrs. Hunt was a slovenly, thriftless creature who was always sending round to borrow—teaspoons, cups, even fenders — the normal requirements of a household, much to Jane's contempt. Very soon all the literary men of London were knocking at the door, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Kingsley, and Erasmus Darwin. No dinner parties were given, but guests were welcome to tea, served at seven o'clock—when good talk flowed.

The small garden at the back was a great joy to them both—Carlyle bought tools, rolled the paths, and did the general tidying. It boasted as Jane wrote "two vines which produce two bunches of grapes in the season, which 'might be eaten' and a walnut tree, from which I gathered almost sixpence worth of walnuts." The walnut tree has had to be cut down but the vine still remains. Jane's little dog, Nero, lies buried in the corner of the garden—his death, due to being run over by a butcher's cart, was a real grief to her—it upset the whole household—"only to me" (she wrote to a friend) "whom he belonged to and whom he preferred to all living, does my dear wee dog remain a constantly recurring blank and a thought of strange sadness."

There was apparently no plumbing work in the house when the Carlyles moved in, but when the extensive alterations were being made in the attic floor, to make a sound-proof room for Carlyle to work in peace, free from street noises, cocks, and pianos, water was laid on from the neighbouring waterworks. But nothing like a bathroom has ever been in the old house—where a shower-bath was a luxury. However there were compensations. In 1834 Chelsea was a very lovely place—even Carlyle thought it so, and he never searched for the picturesque. "Chelsea is a singular heterogeneous kind of spot, very dirty and confined in some places, quite beautiful in others, abounding with antiquities and the traces of great men—Sir Thomas More, Steele, Smollett, etc. Our row, which for the last three doors or so is a street, and none of the noblest, runs out upon a 'Parade' (perhaps they call it) running along the shore of the river, a broad highway with huge shady trees, boats lying moored, and a smell of shipping and tar. Battersea Bridge (of wood a few yards off; the broad river with white-trousered, white-shirted Cockneys dashing by like arrows in their long canoes of boats; beyond, the green beautiful knolls of Surrey with their villages—on the whole, a most artificial, green-painted, yet lively almost opera-looking business, such as you can fancy."

B. H.

A Television Term Explained

The Editor of THE SPHERE has received the following interesting letter from Baird Television Ltd. "Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that the word 'Televisor' is the registered Trade Mark of this Company, and any unauthorised use of the word may be an infringement of the Company's right. We are, naturally, very anxious to avoid any misapprehension on the part of the general public as regards the significance of the word 'Televisor,' and as the Press are nowadays the greatest educators of the public, I think it desirable to write to you to explain the position."

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At Fordham House Technical School and Hostel, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2 (which is a branch of the above Society), on Tuesday, November 24, at 7 p.m., there will be a distribution of prizes to boys in the Tailoring and Shoemaking Departments, by the Right Hon. Ernest Brown, P.C., M.P., M.C., Minister of Labour. This branch of the Society's work deals with those boys who have left School and are training to become Shoemakers and Tailors. Boots and shoes are made by these boys for the Training Ship *Arethusa*, the Newport Market Army Bands School, and the girls' Home at Esher Place. Funds towards this good work are urgently needed, and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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A complete Riding Outfit comprising well-cut Cream Jodhpurs, canary or cream woollen Polo Sweater, Velvet Jockey Cap in black or brown, and smart little crop. Sizes to fit the three-year-old

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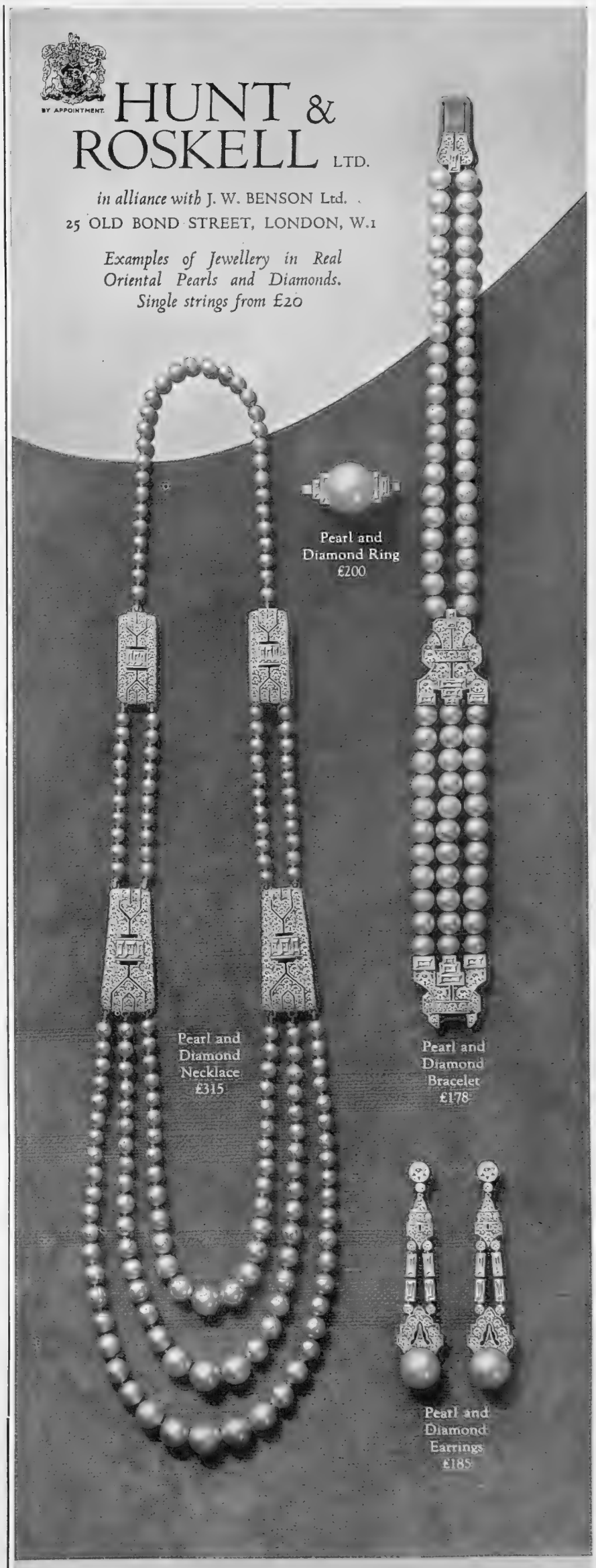

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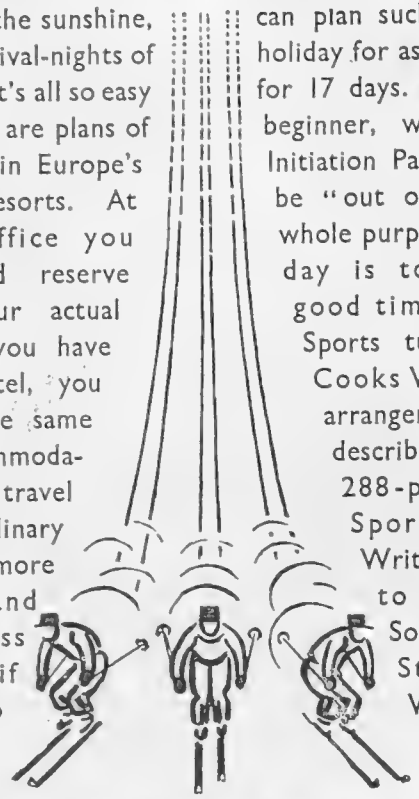

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THE ALPS

And Middle Europe Looks Forward

THERE can be few more cheerful sights in the world than Victoria Station on a winter's afternoon (for preference a cold, wet, foggy afternoon), just before the boat train steams out with a full complement of passengers for the lands of winter sport, especially if you yourself are amongst the passengers and not just one of the people seeing them off. A winter holiday of ski-ing, skating, and bobsleighing has long since become one of the accepted features of English life, and even the depression years, although they caused a good deal of anxiety to Swiss and other foreign hoteliers, could not break us of one of the better habits we had formed in the course of the hectic 'twenties.

Now all is once more merry as a marriage bell, as the saying goes; merrier, in fact, than some marriage bells, for Switzerland this season is going to be a cheaper country in which to enjoy one's self than it has been for a long time past. The exchange situation is once more favourable to English people (about 21 francs to the £ sterling, instead of the previous 15). It is authoritatively stated, moreover, that hotel prices are not being put up on account of this, nor railway fares either. Also, there are no exchange restrictions. Switzerland has one currency only and that serves for everything.

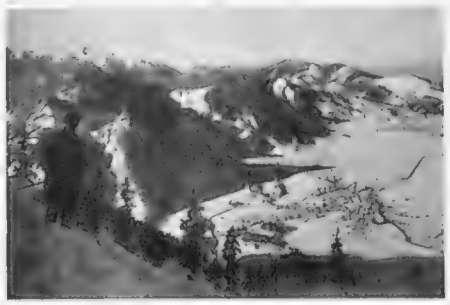
Germany, too, is making a great bid for popularity in the winter sports field, and with very good reason, for her mountain dis-

THE THRILLS

Germany.—Germany's highest mountain is the Zugspitze (8,764 ft.), and there is an admirable hotel, the Schurefernerhaus in a sheltered, if precarious looking position just below its summit. Here one can rely on finding good snow from November until June—surely a long enough season to satisfy even the most enraptured enthusiast! Also because it is so high up, it enjoys an exceptional amount of sunshine, when places far below are lost in mist. There are splendid ski-ing fields and magnificent views. From some points one can survey the peaks of Germany, Switzerland, and even Italy.

That is not to say, however, that anywhere except on top of the Zugspitze you will be for ever fogbound. On the contrary, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, at the foot of it (although still 2,400 ft. above sea level) is a very popular and fashionable resort, beautifully situated and with a gay social life of its own. It is a good place for beginners, because of the "nursery" slopes, while for those who are more advanced, the Zugspitze cog railway brings the higher ski-ing fields (Kreuzsch is one of the best of them) within easy reach.

Another good winter sports place in the south of Germany is one which is known to thousands of English visitors for quite a different reason—Oberammergau. Anybody who has been there for the Passion Play will easily be able to picture to himself how charming the little village looks under snow, and how warm and welcoming it is to come back to at dusk of a winter's day. There are



OBERAMMERGAU UNDER SNOW

GERMANY FOR

What it Has to Offer

GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN

other attractive Bavarian resorts as well, notable amongst them being Berchtesgaden (excellent skating), Bad Reichenhall, some ten miles distant from it, and Oberstdorf. The latter is a very pretty place indeed, and popular both in summer and winter. It is situated at a height of 2,760 ft., and there is a mountain railway, which starts, conveniently enough, from the market-place, up the 7,000 ft. Nebelhorn, a truly magnificent peak.

Füssen, in the same neighbourhood, is also a very pleasant place, although it does not lie at such a high altitude as some of the other resorts. But good skating can be had on the Badsee nearby, and there are also toboggan runs and ski-jumps within easy reach. Long distance skiers find this a good centre from which to make tours, and it is actually the starting point for a visit to those two fantastic castles, the products of the mad king of Bavaria's disordered brain, Neuschwanstein and Hohen Schwangau. Oberjoch is another Bavarian name worth considering for a good and not too expensive holiday really devoted to ski-ing, rather than to the nocturnal frolics that some people prefer to engage in as a substitute. It has been described, and not unjustly, as a "veritable snow trap."

GO WHITE

to a Bumper Winter Sports Season

tricts are some of the finest to be found anywhere on the Continent; her people are friendly and hospitable to a degree (who has ever spent ten days amongst the Bavarians without being heartened by their bubbling, irrepressible *Gemütlichkeit ?*), and it is a very well organised country in which to travel. German trains, for instance, are quite extraordinarily luxurious, while German food, German wine, German beer, and German cigars all make their contribution to that feeling of well-being which steals over the visitor from the moment he gets there.

OF BOB-SLEIGHING

With regard to the most pressing question, one's choice of a resort, there are a few general observations which may not be out of place. Nobody in the world, of course, can give an absolute guarantee about snow conditions in any particular spot at any particular moment, but it stands to reason that the higher your altitude the better your chance of getting firm, crisp snow. Next, there is no need to be frightened of the more famous places because you think they may be desperately expensive. Of course, if you take a suite at the biggest luxury hotel you can find it *will* cost something, but they give value for money, there can be no question about that. On the other hand, in every resort of note, apart from the big hotels, there are smaller ones and pensions as well where you can be sure of being capably looked after at a very moderate cost. Names of these can always be obtained either from the resort itself or from Thomas Cook's.

□

WINTER SPORT

the Ski-ing Enthusiast

IN THE BLACK FOREST

Munich, by the way, is quite a conveniently short journey from all these Bavarian mountain towns and villages, and for anybody who feels he can spare the time, it is well worth putting in two or three days there. If you should do so at any time during the six weeks preceding the beginning of Lent, you will find it a very gay place, for that is carnival time, and there are balls and fêtes galore, as well as the admirable opera and theatre programmes that are a regular feature of Munich's social life throughout the winter months.

Apart from the Bavarian Alps, Germany's other chief winter sports centres are to be found in the Black Forest which lies in the extreme south-west corner of the country, stretching northwards away from Basle. Freiburg is the "capital," and is itself a fine cathedral and university city. It also possesses two good skating rinks. For the practised skier, the Black Forest offers a marvellous range of tours, none of them unduly strenuous, but all of them varied, and Freiburg, or rather, Freiburg - Schauinsland, 3,000 ft. above it, and connected by an aerial ropeway, is a good centre from which to plan one of these. Freudenstadt is also to be recommended. It is another of those places that enjoy an all-the-year-round season, and it has an amusing Kurhaus by way of centre for its social activities. There is lovely skating to be had on the Langewaldsee, and some pleasant ski runs in the vicinity. Freudenstadt, incidentally, has a great reputation for sunshine, and this holds good for the winter season as well as for the summer one. Its altitude is 2,400 ft. Next, Titisee is a name worth noting. Its situation is particularly attractive, it is nearly 3,000 ft. above sea level; and the neighbouring Feldberg, which is 5,000 ft. high, offers first-rate ski-ing opportunities. International ski races, as a matter of fact, are an important annual event there. And finally, there are Triberg and Schuchsee to be considered. They are smallish places, but they both have much to recommend them and are becoming increasingly popular every year.

All lovers of Germany know the Harz Mountains—by name at any rate even if they have never seen them—and it is worth remembering that this most typically German of all German landscapes gets plenty of snow in the winter, and is very popular among winter sportsmen. Bad Harzburg and Schierke are two of the nicest places one could desire.

At the former there is a casino, where concerts and entertainments are given regularly during the winter, and there are good motor bus services to the outlying villages of this region, which are useful to people who want to make expeditions. The latter is situated on the slopes of the Brocken, that famous mountain round which so many old legends centre, and is admirable for ski-ing.

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SWITZERLAND

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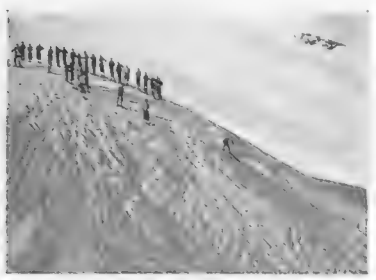
SWITZERLAND

And Its Wealth of Alluring Mountain Playgrounds

SWITZERLAND offers an *embarras de richesse* in as far as the number and beauty of its winter sports resorts are concerned. Amongst the most famous are those of the Engadine, the district in the south-east corner of the little republic, where a mass of peaks rise to heights in the neighbourhood of 8,000 ft.

St. Moritz is the first name that comes to mind, for it is one of the world's most famous playgrounds; a place of sparkling air, of scenic grandeur, of brilliant social life. Everybody goes to St. Moritz at some time or other, and everybody enjoys it. There is skating (a number of lakes and rinks) curling, ice hockey, ski-ing, and the Cresta bobsleigh run. The Cresta Run is really very remarkable; incredibly exhilarating to go down (the experts can achieve a speed of more than 50 m.p.h.), absolutely hair-raising to watch, and there are 1,320 yards of it! You can make all sorts of ski and sleigh tours in the surrounding district; one, for instance, to Malola, where there are excellent ski runs by way of Silvaplana and Sils, which is memorably beautiful. St. Moritz itself is situated at a height of more than 6,000 ft., and there is a funicular which goes up to Corviglia, 2,000 ft. higher still.



SLOPES OF ST. MORITZ

Another Engadine resort that enjoys well-earned fame is Pontresina, only a little way away from St. Moritz and therefore sharing the same lovely scenery. From here there is a funicular ascending to the 8,000 ft. Muottas Muraigl, which opens up a wide range of snowfields. Pontresina, of course, is particularly well known on account of its tremendous ski-leap, the Bernina, which every year is the scene of many stirring championships. The remaining places of note in the Engadine, all of which are well known to English people and which have hotels of excellent repute, are Sils Maria, Celerina, and Samaden.

The next group of resorts to be considered are those of that district known as the Grisons. This, too, lies at the extreme eastern end of Switzerland, but to the north, near the Austrian frontier. Its chief resorts are Arosa, Klosters, Davos, and Lenzerheide. Arosa enjoys a particularly favoured situation, getting lots of sunshine and being very well sheltered from cold winds. It has fine open views all round, some magnificent snowfields, and you get the feeling there of being right on top of the world. It is admirably provided with all the appurtenances of winter sports—there are two rinks for skating, bandy, and curling; there is a 2-mile bob course with banked-up ice curves; there is lovely ski-ing, a full programme of competitions and sporting events, and best of all, there is the practical certainty of finding snow conditions that leave nothing to be desired from November right up to April.

Klosters has somewhat similar attractions to offer, but the emphasis here is rather on ski-ing. There is a very capably organised ski school for beginners and some marvellous runs to test the skill of experts. The new Parsenn Railway up to the heights of the Weissfluhloch (close on 9,000 ft.) has been of tremendous benefit to Klosters in this respect, and it may be confidently recommended as one of the best places for ski-ing in Switzerland.

ABOVE AROSA

Next, let us glance at the Bernese Oberland: Adelboden, Wengen, Grindelwald, Mürren, Kandersteg, Gstaad . . . here is a plethora of famous names, and there are many smaller resorts as well. From many of them these three fine peaks of the Oberland—Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, can be seen, and they add a grandeur to the landscape which is not easily forgotten.

Wengen is a great favourite, partly on account of its intrinsic charm, partly on account of the good reputation it enjoys for snow conditions and sunshine, and partly on account of its marvellous position, 4,500 ft. up, overlooking the Lauterbrunnen valley. From Wengen the little mountain railway goes on up to the Jungfraugjoch, an astonishing height of over 11,000 ft., and it can easily be imagined what splendid snowfields are to be found at this altitude. Furthermore, the local Kurverein runs two admirable skating rinks, while the Wengen Skating Club itself uses one of the most beautifully situated rinks in the whole of Switzerland.

Then there are the holiday resorts of French Switzerland, notably Caux and Villars. Villars lies high above the Rhône Valley, on a splendid, wide plateau, but sheltered from the north and easterly winds. The luge run there is said to be the second finest in the whole of Switzerland, while there are also very good ski-ing grounds.

Very fine skating performances are to be seen here—but that does not mean to say that beginners need feel shy either at that or any form of winter sport. The *snobisme* about which so many jokes used to be told a few years ago, is now really a thing of the past—there are at once too many experts and too many beginners for it to be able to flourish any longer on Switzerland's friendly soil. Mürren, too, is a fine resort with practise slopes that are ideal for the beginner (there are a number of English speaking Swiss instructors), and other runs which are the scene of exciting championships every year.

You go up by mountain railway to Bretaye, which is close on 6,000 ft. above sea level, then there is a ski hoist from Bretaye to Chaux-Ronde, which is the beginning of a magnificent ski run—one of those runs which leave you breathless but unutterably exhilarated at the end of it. There is also a fine skating rink, and a school for learning skating. Two portions of this rink are set aside for curling and ice-hockey, and there are frequent matches throughout the season. Indeed, Villars is a place with a thoroughly active life, both social and sporting, and one could never, even for a single moment, feel at a loss for something to do there.

ADELBODEN HEIGHTS

Of all the possible places to which one might go, those mentioned in the preceding paragraphs form only a very abridged list, but this must be extended by at any rate three more names—Engelberg, Andermatt, and Zermatt. The first two are in central Switzerland and the third, a remote little village, up till a few years ago almost completely cut off from the rest of the world during the winter months, is situated right in the south, under the towering peak of the Matterhorn—and they are all lovely.

Richard Nowell

Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa.

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THE Attractions of Italy.—If Switzerland and Germany have been longest established in the winter sports field, they do not by any means enjoy the exclusive monopoly of Europe's snow supply. Italy, for instance, has taken up ski-ing with tremendous enthusiasm during recent years, and the newly established resort of Sestrières, 6,000 ft. up in the Alps, not very far away from the Franco-Italian frontier of Modane, has proved very popular every season since its innovation.

Not many English visitors were there last year, to be sure, on account of one thing and another. Now, however, that the temporary interruption of our traditionally friendly relations with Italy is at an end, they will be going back again, and they can be sure of a very warm and courteous welcome. Also, the readjustment of the lira brings Italy once more within the economic range of many people who were frightened off by the thought of high prices before. Once more Italy is definitely a cheap country to visit, partly because it costs less to get there and partly because the hotel charges are being definitely maintained at the same level as before the devaluation. The scenery round about Sestrières is magnificent, incidentally.

SESTRIÈRES: A newly established Italian winter sports centre that is achieving great popularity

Another famous place is Cortina d'Ampezzo, in the Dolomites, and this is a wonderful centre for ski-ing, with a wide choice of tours both long and short. There are plenty of hotels and pensions, and it is a resort much favoured by the Italians themselves. There is a good skating rink there, and a 2,300 yards long artificial bobsleigh run, as well as the ski-ing facilities.

The French Alps, the Pyrenees and the Vosges.—Chamounix, in the Savoy Alps, is the best known of all the French winter sports places. It lies hidden away in a deep valley under the enormous, towering bulk of Mont Blanc, and although it is itself only 3,400 ft. above sea level, there are aerial railways to the fine ski-ing fields which are above.

The Pyrenees have been "coming on" lately and places like Font Romen and Superbagnères have now achieved a winter reputation as well as a summer one. There is also ski-ing to be had in the Vosges district, and as this is only about eight hours away by train from Paris, it is useful for people who cannot manage to spare more than a few days.

SOME OTHER RESORTS

In Italy, France, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Norway

Austria.—The Austrians are fond of ski-ing, and there are a great number of popular places, in the Tyrol and the Aalberg, which enjoy a very active winter sports season. In the Tyrol, Innsbruck is a good centre from which to prospect for a place you would like to stay at, and is itself an extraordinarily attractive town. In the Aalberg, St. Anton is the best-known headquarters, although there are other smaller places as well, and they are all friendly and pleasant.

Czechoslovakia.—Czechoslovakia may seem a good way away, and the names of its winter sports resorts may appear rather complicated (Spindleruv Nlyn, Stary Smokovec and Strbske Pleso are the chief ones), but English people in search of something "off the beaten track" are beginning to go to them. And why not? There is plenty of snow, the ski-ing is good, the hotels well run, the people are nice and the cost of living is cheap. Czechoslovakia is definitely worth considering.

Norway.—Norway, of course, is the original home of ski-ing, and during the winter months admirable tours can be undertaken both from Bergen and Oslo, while at Holmenkollen, near Oslo, there is a magnificent ski-jump where thrilling competitions are held every February.

A Useful Guide.—Cook's *Winter Sports* handbook for 1936–37 will be of invaluable help to people planning a winter sports holiday who have not any fixed ideas about where they want to go. It also quotes rates for a number of very economical organised tours.

It is very comprehensive in its scope, even mentioning places as far afield as Australia, New Zealand, India, and Syria. It is unlikely, however, that many people will contemplate Mount Lebanon as a possible ski-ing ground in the immediate future—and indeed, they would have to be hard to please if they could not find something to suit their taste nearer home! Cook's handbook makes encouraging reading, and really does tell you all the essential things you need to know about the relative merits of different resorts, and giving valuable details both about hotel charges and train fares. There is also a list of "Suggestions for Outfit" which will be appreciated by the tyro.

The Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital

A Dinner to Aid the Funds

GUESTS at the dinner organised by Lady Kindersley next Wednesday at the May Fair Hotel will have the opportunity of listening to possibly the finest after-dinner speaker in the country. This is Mr. Philip Guedalla. He will be supported by the Hon. Harold Nicolson, M.P. and Sir Alan Anderson, son of the late Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, whose hospital is appealing for a sum of £50,000. With the exception of a wing for the paying patients, the nurses as usual have been left until the last for consideration. "I confess that the nurses' quarters are absolutely shocking," Lady Anderson told THE SPHERE. "Of the sixty nurses, forty have to be boarded out some little distance away from the hospital, thus incurring extra time and fatigue before and after their day's work. The new Home which we hope to build will actually adjoin the hospital. I only wish that my mother-in-law were still alive. Somehow or another that wonderful woman would have certainly raised the funds we require."

Lady Maureen Stanley, who is undoubtedly the best woman speaker in the country without exception, is to preside at the dinner. Those who attend it will find themselves among such celebrities as the Aga Khan, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord and Lady Plender, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lord and Lady Horder, Major Sir John Aird, not to mention the Japanese Ambassador and Madame Yoshida, and the Polish Ambassador and Countess Raczynska. There will be no tiresome wait for a midnight cabaret. This in any case would be unnecessary in view of the admirable speeches which can be expected. It is a fact that there is a long waiting list among sick people anxious to enter the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson hospital, which is one of the only three in London entirely staffed by women, the only exceptions being the porter and one or two men in the furnace room.

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Vienna World Championship Figure-Skating for men (February 12th and 13th)

Obergurgl (Tyrol) Piccard-Ski Races for Prof. Piccard-Medals (February 21st)

Semmering (Lower Austria/Styria) Ski-Jumping (February 28th)

Kitzbühel (Tyrol) International Ski-Competitions (March 19th—21st)

Heiligenblut (Carinthia) International Glockner Ski-Race (May 16th)

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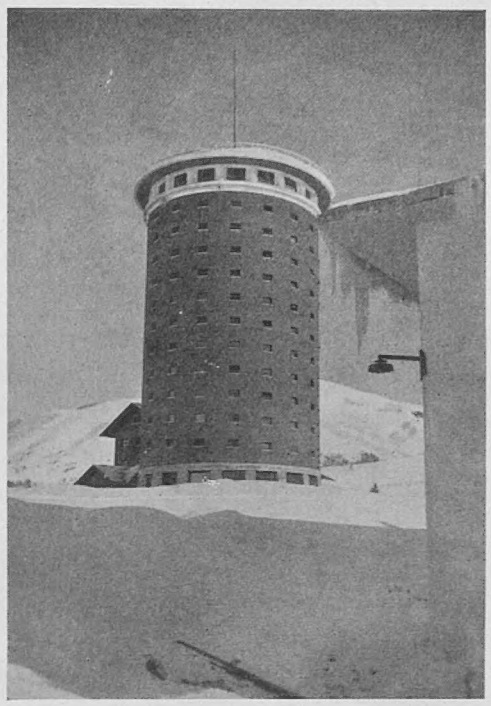

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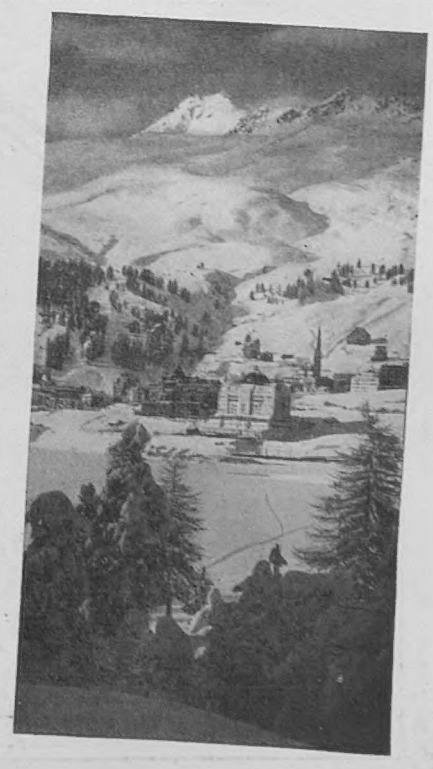

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Details now available. In the "KEY" position of Bournemouth. Adjacent to main bus routes for shops, theatres, cinemas, pavilion, gardens, etc. The nearest hotel to Meyrick Golf Course. Standing in its own grounds away from traffic. 100 bedrooms with running water, coal, electric or gas fires, etc. Orchestra. First-class English cooking.

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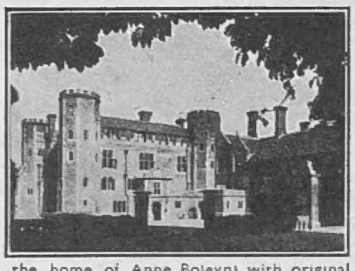

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Fully Licensed. ***Wedding Receptions.***

In Quest of

Some Suggestions Regard the Christ

CHRISTMAS is in the air, book your passage now!

From conversations and correspondence I have been amazed how early the spirit of Christmas exerts itself. My first hotel Christmas programme reached me in August; in early September I had a letter from an hotel to say that they were already full for Christmas, and ever since programmes and reports of "house full" have been descending upon me.

For some time now I have been receiving from readers of THE SPHERE inquiries regarding all kinds of Christmasses—a "Country House" one, "Seaside," a London Hotel, a Christmas where there is the certainty of being "lively," plenty of dancing, good golf, and a "sight of the fox" on Boxing Day.

There are others who prefer a quiet Christmas, where paper hats and streamers are taboo and where there will be just sociability and good fare.

Each year Christmas at an hotel becomes increasingly popular. The family re-union takes place as much to-day in the hotel as in the home.

An hotel is obviously *the* place to go to for Christmas for anyone who lives alone, for during this holiday "national reserve" is thrown off and people mix naturally, and there is often a host and hostess to arrange amusements and generally promote the get-together spirit.

There is one further reason why it is a good thing to spend Christmas and the New Year in an hotel. At no time of the year do hotels offer such excellent value for money. It is often erroneously supposed by the public that an hotel which is full at Christmas must be making a "packet," but nothing is further from the truth, for all hotels of any standing look upon Christmas-time as a good advertisement, knowing well that if newcomers enjoy their Christmas with them, they are likely to visit them at other times of the year. Hotels, in short, are quite satisfied if they make ends meet.

Christmas prices usually range from 1 guinea to 30s. a day, and the whole of the takings are swallowed up in extra food, decorations, crackers, souvenirs, dance band, entertainers, prizes for this and that, to say nothing of the wear and tear "after the ball is over"!

Now to the real problem: where to spend Christmas if you have not already booked up.

At this late hour, when so many hotels are already full, my quest becomes each day more difficult, but here are a few suggestions, though I can give no guarantee that even these places are not now fully booked.

TORQUAY.—A grand place, and the Grand Hotel. Their Christmas programme begins with a tea dance on December 24, and ends with a Cinderella dance on January 2. In addition to many tournaments and dances visitors to the Grand Hotel can enjoy, free of charge, golf at Stover golf course, squash racquets, pitch golf, and the miniature putting club. Philip Brown's Grosvenor Dance Band, which frequently broadcasts, is permanently engaged by the Grand Hotel.

NEWQUAY.—The Headland Hotel. Here is a place and an hotel excellent for everyone, but particularly for the Londoner who cannot get away from town until late on Christmas eve. Catching the 9.50 p.m. from Paddington, booking a 1st or 3rd class sleeper, you could have a comfortable journey, be met at Newquay Station, have a bath and breakfast, and still be in plenty of time for the Scavenger Hunt, which

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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THE SPHERE REGISTER

Abingdon.—The Crown & Thistle (Oxford 6 miles)
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. Tel. 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Eastbourne.—The Hydro Hotel.
Evesham.—Mansion House Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Hinton (Hants.).—East Close Htl. R.A.C. A.A.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel. Tel. 221.
Sidmouth.—Royal York Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

ng Where to Spend

nas Holidays

starts at 11 a.m. on Christmas morning. Alternatively, you can "do" a show on Christmas eve in town, catch the midnight sleeper, and still be in Newquay by 10.8 in the morning.

At the Headland the Newquay golf links adjoin the hotel; the ballroom and band are two of the best in the West of England, and what grander way could there be of working up an appetite for Christmas dinner than a walk along the Headland with the rolling Atlantic at your feet?

HARROGATE.—The Hotel Majestic. There's life at Harrogate always, and never more so than at the Hotel Majestic at Christmas-time. Here are all the attractions to be found in a London West End hotel, plus the marvellous air and scenery of the Yorkshire moors.

The Majestic is always full at Christmas, so it is possible that I may be tantalising you by mentioning that the pick of the world's cabaret artistes are engaged by the Majestic either prior to or immediately following their appearance in London.

I hear that on most days during Christmas week they are running three dances, including a cocktail *dansant* at mid-day, which is an innovation at the Majestic.

There is no excuse for anyone feeling dull, for Capt. McConchie, the International lawn tennis coach, acts as sports host and arranges partners for all games. That expert teacher of all bridge systems, Mrs. Thompson, is bridge hostess, whilst Mr. Claude Watts (London and Provincial champion) and his partner Miss Violet Hill, with many mysterious initials after her name, are the dance host and hostess. And perhaps the finishing touch is Willie Smith, the billiards champion of 1920 and 1923, who will show you "how it is done," or you can show him "how it is *not* done!"

SCOTLAND.—How about Peebles Hydro, one of the most bang-up-to-date hotels in Great Britain? Anyone who has ever been to Peebles Hydro knows that things are done more than well—they are done magnificently. Peebles Hydro has everything one could possibly wish for under its own roof, even to the extent of a covered swimming pool, and I notice that at 5.30 p.m. on Christmas Day, prior to dinner, swimming pool frolics are part of the programme (but in case this makes anyone shiver, I would point out that the pool will be pleasantly warmed!).

A "COUNTRY" CHRISTMAS.—What better recommendation could I make than Brimpton Grange Hotel, near Wheatley, which again is near Oxford? Here you can enjoy Christmas in the true traditional manner; log fires, Christmas tree, hot punch, a meet of the South Oxfordshire Hounds, carols, dancing, and do full justice to those fine fat turkeys I saw wandering round the grounds the other day!

Although there is a Christmas programme at Brimpton Grange, there is a spontaneous enjoyment about everything which comes from being in the right surroundings amongst the right people. The price is 25s. a day for a minimum of four days, and it is well worth it, I know.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Swimming Pool. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 4½ guineas weekly.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

OF BRITISH HOTELS

Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—Westcliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel. Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel. S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel. S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Doune.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 10.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Demi des Pas Hotel.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Guernsey.—Old Government Hse. Htl. Tel. 424.
Guernsey.—Gardener's Royal Htl. Tel. G'sey 300
Guernsey.—Richmond Hotel. Tel. 931.

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THE CREST HOTEL
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Overlooking TORBAY

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